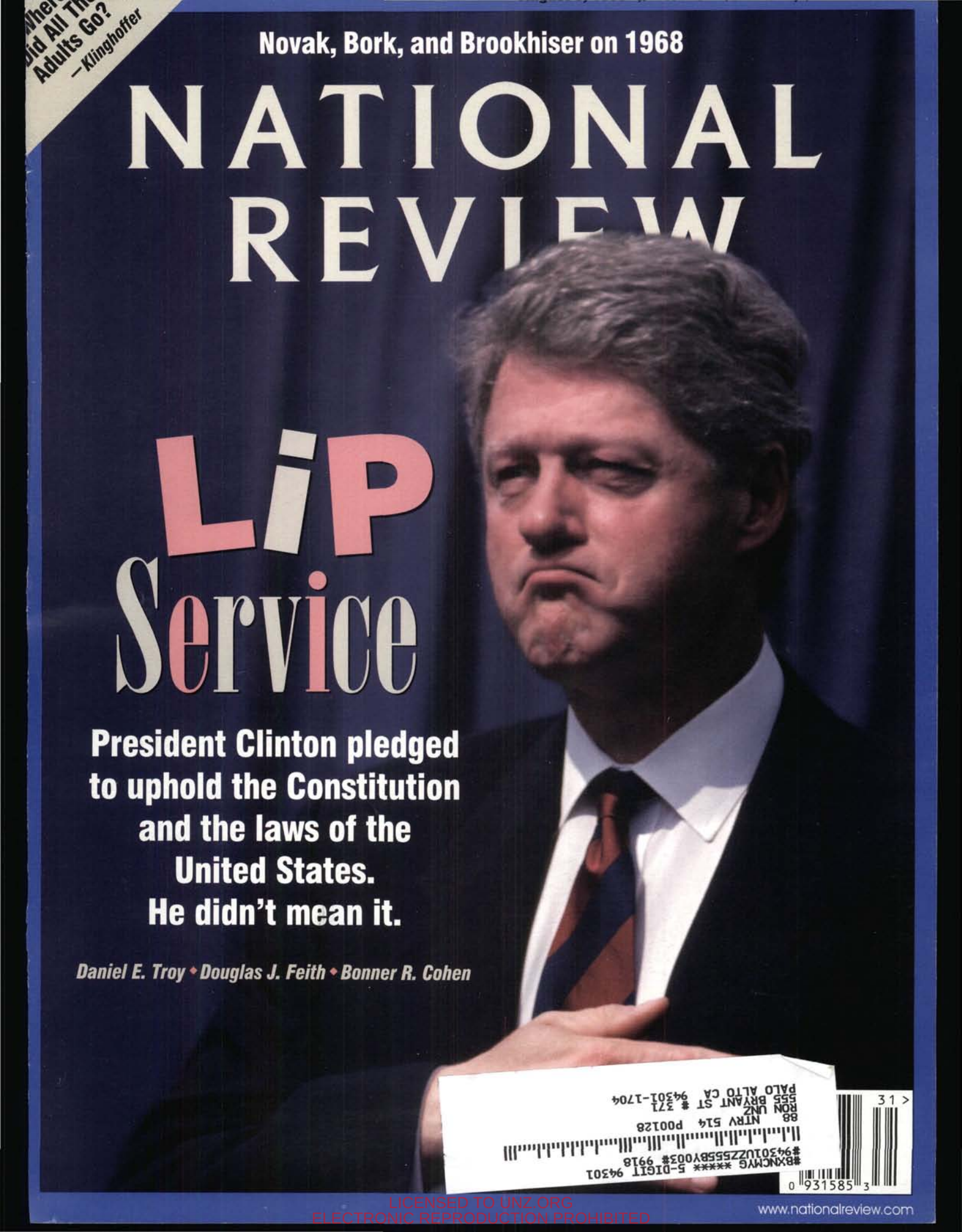
Adults Go?
—Klinghoffer

Novak, Bork, and Brookhiser on 1968

NATIONAL REVIEW



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President Clinton pledged to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the United States. He didn't mean it.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 3, 1998 VOL. L, NO. 14

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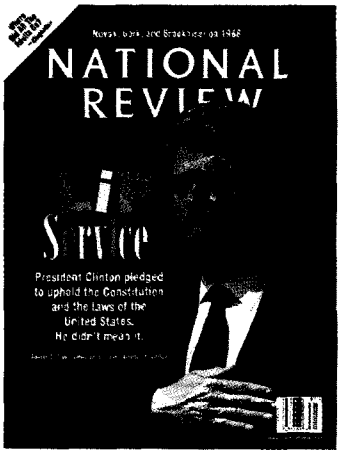
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President Clinton pledged to uphold the Constitution and the Laws of the United States. He didn't mean it.

Cover Photo by Martin Simon/Saba

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LETTERS

Bilingual Blues

While I was certainly disappointed that Proposition 227 apparently failed to carry a majority of California's Latino voters ["The Week," July 6], some important facts should be made known to your readers.

First, 12 separate statewide polls by non-partisan organizations over the course of our nine-month campaign all showed Proposition 227 leading among Latino voters, usually heavily so, with the measure generally described as "requiring all public-school instruction to be conducted in English." For example, the *Los Angeles Times* poll just two weeks before the election showed us winning by 62 to 26 per cent among Latinos, a huge lead of 36 points. By contrast, the *Times* exit poll showed us receiving only 37 per cent of the actual Latino vote.

Although there are some doubts about the accuracy of the exit-polling methodology—absentee ballots are obviously excluded from the raw numbers, and only a handful of heavily Latino precincts were polled—we may indeed have lost the Latino vote. The explanation for such a dramatic shift is obvious and has little to do either with Latino support for bilingual instruction or with the alleged ethnic appeals which you discuss. During the last two weeks of the campaign the opposition poured millions of dollars into advertising, outspending us by a ratio of 20 to 1, according to official campaign filings, and probably even more than that on Spanish-language television.

The most effective television ads (in Spanish and in English) showed all four candidates for governor—Democrats and Republicans—joining hands to oppose Proposition 227, while a voice-over falsely claimed that the measure "won't teach children English" and "will take money away from the public schools," very effective arguments to Latinos.

But consider another view of the results. Proposition 227 was opposed by the President of the United States, by the chairmen of the California Republican Party and the California Democratic Party, by all four candidates for governor, by every major educational organization, public and private union, political slate, and newspaper, and by every prominent Latino elected official. It was, as I said, outspent by a ratio of 20 to 1. Yet it still won almost 40 per cent of the Latino vote, running 20 points ahead of statewide Republican candidates. Only the blind (such as our timorous Republican leadership) would interpret these results as indicating strong Latino support for bilingual education.

Ron K. Unz
Chairman, English for the Children
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hurray for Barry

Many thanks for your special tribute to Barry Goldwater [July 6]. I am a Generation X-er, and my conservative icon was, and always will be, the Gipper. I had heard things about Barry Goldwater over the years, but the main thing I remember was confusion about how the so-called father of the conservative movement always seemed to knee-jerk in the wrong direction (on homosexuality, abortion, etc.).

After absorbing the history of the 1964 election from the conservative perspective, I understand our philosophical roots a little better. Mr. Goldwater's contribution to history was to remind us that some men will stay true to their principles and risk defeat, lest they lose something more important: their self-respect.

Christopher Rogers
Johnson City, Tenn.

Matthew Scully suggests that my putting the "Me Too" paper plate on his five-year-old chest at a 1964 Goldwater rally was done "in an excess of zeal" ["Missing Man," July 6].

I would remind Mr. Scully that zealotry in the defense of liberty is no vice.

I would further suggest that this was the first step in turning him into the fine conservative gentleman he is today.

Eileen Scully
Houston, Tex.

A Better Alternative

The next time you ask an MD to review books on alternative medicine—which is something like asking a Ford dealer to road-test the latest Chevy—maybe you should demand some evidence that he actually did more than read dustjackets ["To Heal the Hollow Soul," July 6]. Anthony Daniels does take the time to point out that Andrew Weil looks like Tolstoy, but mostly he just does a number on the alternative-medicine movement.

He points out among other things that alternative medicine draws flakes. Well, so it does, but so does any large movement. You can hardly discredit Dean Ornish by talking about the New Agers using healing crystals. You might as well say that Christianity is made up of morons who kept Jim and Tammy Bakker in mansions and swimming pools and paid for Jimmy Swaggart's prostitutes.

Warren Wild
Lindsborg, Kan.

Keep Hands off Soccer

I'm wondering why, judging from the space wasted in NATIONAL REVIEW, the conservative mind seems offended by soccer ["The Week," July 6]. Not all soccer moms and dads are socialists, you know, except perhaps in Massachusetts.

It's a mystery to me that so many people stay awake through, and even actually pay to see, any of the Big Three American sports: football, basketball, and baseball. The mental and physical demands on a serious soccer player are much greater, the game infinitely more intricate.

If you have to discuss sports (another puzzle), try for a balanced view as you do with more weighty concerns like drug legalization, abortion, and sexual indiscretion.

Stephen DeGray
Bluefield, Va.

Viagra in Egypt?

Florence King's column on Viagra ["The Misanthrope's Corner," July 6] was interesting and amusing. As you know, the tomb of Tutankhamen was discovered by Howard Carter. He wrote that when he unwrapped the body of the boy-king, it was, as he delicately described it, in the ithyphallic position. Three thousand years has to be some kind of record.

Mark Valory
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Ahead of His Time

John O'Sullivan's article on Barry Goldwater ["The Later Goldwater, Alas," July 6] contained an unfortunate chronological solecism. Referring to the media's about-face on Goldwater, Mr. O'Sullivan writes: "There has been nothing like it since the spoof German newspaper headline from the 1920s: 'Archduke Franz Ferdinand Found Alive—First World War "A Mistake."'"

If such a headline had run in the 1920s it would have said "Great War 'A Mistake.'" That conflict was not referred to as the First World War until after the start of the Second World War, an event in which Senator Goldwater participated.

Alvin Felzenberg
Washington, D.C.

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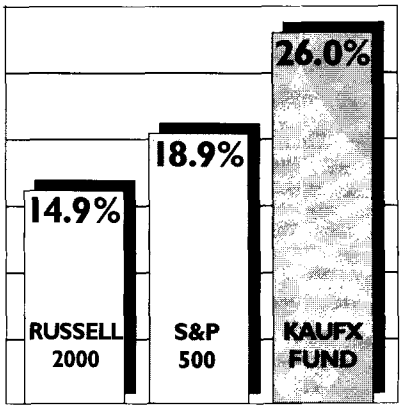

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FROM THE EDITOR

Starr Turn

KEN STARR has withstood withering White House attacks, a smear job by *Brill's Content*, ridicule of his habit of singing hymns to himself, and even his awful impromptu press conferences alongside his garbage bin. The next threat to Starr, however, may be more lethal: the growing disaffection of his base among Washington conservatives.

The White House is always able to muster an array of hired guns to spin reporters and attack Starr on TV. Starr has no such luxury. "They are paid for it and they are true believers," one Starr ally says of the President's defenders. "Everyone else is a freelancer." It has been left to a rag-tag crew of former Reagan officials and conservative analysts to mount Starr's public defense.

Now, even this firewall may crumble. Part of the problem is simply scandal fatigue. "Everyone, everyone is getting tired of this thing," says Jonah Goldberg, who appears on TV regularly to defend his mother (Lucianne Goldberg) and Starr. "Half the stories involve my mom or someone I know personally. And even I get too bored to read them."

But Starr has more to worry about than just pundit boredom. He is increasingly tangled in a trap that friends warned him about when he first took the job: enraging the Left by attempting to get to the truth behind the Clinton scandals, while alienating the Right when he has difficulty delivering the goods.

The Right has had misgivings about the independent-counsel statute from the beginning. So, as the investigation drags on, Starr begins to seem to conservatives, not an "out of control" prosecutor, but an extra-constitutional appendage incapable of discharging his duty. If Starr doesn't report this summer, prominent pro-Starr pundit Ann Coulter promises to begin attacking him "more vigorously than Lanny Davis."

Delay, of course, is the White House game. But Starr has played into it. He has now repeatedly requested testimony from President Clinton—to no avail. Why not subpoena him and be done with it? The statute says an independent counsel has an obligation to report to Congress when he has "substantial and credible information" concerning what may be an impeachable offense. Starr appears to have had that months ago. Why the wait?

"[Starr] has never really understood this was a political case," says one ally. Indeed, the idea that Starr is completely unsuited for his job now seems to be nearly as widely held in the conservative legal community as among Clinton's supporters. Conservatives are complaining not about Starr's politics, but about his temperament and experience.

"Starr never should have taken this job," says one conservative lawyer. "He writes bang-up appellate briefs, but what does he know about prosecuting?" Starr, a former Solicitor General and judge with no previous prosecutorial experience, is clearly being careful to get everything just so in his case.

Meanwhile, the White House tramples all over him in the media, and the window of opportunity for delivering a report begins to close. If Starr doesn't deliver by early August, he will probably not have another chance to report to Congress before the November elections. But after the elections, Clinton will be safely in the lame-duck zone, serving out the final (mostly irrelevant) two years of his Presidency.

"When you're dealing with this coward in the White House, you can't merely proceed as a methodical prosecutor would," says one pro-Starr pundit. "He has to change the momentum or shut it down. His credibility is eroding, and the way a report is ultimately received by the public is affected by the length of time it takes to spit it out."

The longer it takes, the more tepid even Starr's public supporters will become. "Once those Starr defenders give up," says another Starr ally, then the cause "is lost entirely." For Starr, it's fast becoming put up, or his defenders will shut up. And then he really does become the loneliest man in Washington.

—RICHARD LOWRY

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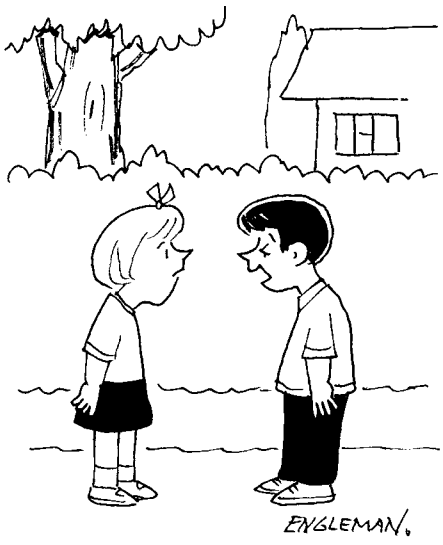
FOR THE RECORD

■ President **Bill Clinton** links greenhouse gases to Florida wildfires that have forced more than 100,000 people from their homes: "We're going to have more things like this happen," he predicts. Vice President **Al Gore** also visits scene: "These fires offer a glimpse of what global warming may mean to families across America." . . . **Nick Wiley** of Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission tells *Washington Post*: "Native species have adapted to fire. It's a natural component to their ecosystem—not only natural, but needed." . . . **Bob Dole** on Gore: "I'm afraid if Al gave a fireside chat, the fire would go out." (Dole has been selected to award prize in Purina Dog Chow Search for the Great American Dog.)

■ Growing numbers of Democrats endorse Texas Gov. **George W. Bush** (R.) for re-election. Latest is former Houston Mayor **Bob Lanier**. . . . Texas Land Commissioner **Garry Mauro** (D.), running in uphill battle against Bush, promises at state convention to "knock on one million doors by Labor Day." According to *Dallas Morning News*, that would requires knocking on more than 16,000 doors per day. . . . Sen. **John Ashcroft** (R., Mo.) in National Public Radio interview: "I think the [GOP] could lose the House of Representatives this year if we don't deliver tax relief." . . . **Geraldine Ferraro**, seeking Democratic nomination to run against Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato** (R., N.Y.), remains favorite but is faltering. Campaign manager **David Eichenbaum** quits. . . . Results are in from *Washingtonian*'s annual bipartisan poll of Capitol Hill staff. Senate Workhorse: **Paul Coverdell** (R., Ga.). Senate Showhorse: **Robert Torricelli** (D., N.J.). House Freshman All-Star: **Anne Northup** (R., Ky.). House Freshman Flop: **Loretta Sanchez** (D., Calif.).

■ Do-nothing Congress? Rep. **Zoe Lofgren** (D., Calif.) offers bill to help teenagers sleep later. Citing research that claims adolescents are drowsier during morning hours, Rep. Lofgren would give $25,000 grants to high schools that start classes after 9:00 A.M. "My children are not lazy, but they are wiped out in the mornings," she explains. "My son—it's monstrous to get him up." . . . Retiring Rep. **Henry Gonzalez** (D., Tex.) continues to draw $136,000 salary but has not visited Washington since November or voted in almost a year, reports *Houston Chronicle*. . . . In Senate testimony, former Los Angeles Dodgers manager **Tommy Lasorda** endorses constitutional amendment to ban flag burning. . . . Senate votes to rename CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., the **George Herbert Walker Bush** Center for Central Intelligence.

■ New Hampshire refuses to turn over car-registration lists to Massachusetts, which estimates losses of $55 million per year from residents avoiding taxes and fees by registering in "Live Free or Die" state. . . . Nebraska lawmakers say they "forgot" to repeal 1993 law hiking property taxes by 0.5 per cent. . . . New Jersey judge strikes down state law limiting new residents to only as much welfare as they would have received in their previous state. . . . Colorado activists file signatures for two pro-life ballot measures. . . . Phoenix mayor **Skip Rimsza** drops effort to rename airport after **Barry Goldwater**, citing public disapproval. . . . Local Government Council (www.thinklocal.org) advances free-market and pro-family ideas among local public officials.



"Playing house is so old-fashioned. Let's play President and Independent Counsel."

■ Daytime crime rates plummet in Salem, Ore., after police begin enforcing truancy law. . . . Subtle anti-gun message appears in shoot-'em-up movie *Lethal Weapon IV*. Background poster in one scene reads: "A child a day is killed by a handgun. Don't let them put guns in the wrong hands." Another poster shows National Rifle Association symbol with a slash through it. Movie's director, **Richard Donner**: "It's best if you sneak it in." . . . During week of June 29, for first time ever, more households watched cable-TV programming than four major networks combined in prime time. . . . In first major address as NAACP chairman, **Julian Bond**: "We are going to build a world where private prejudice doesn't become public policy." . . . Average cost of domestic airfare increases only $4 since 1995, according to Runzheimer International. Regional competition cited as reason for consumer savings. . . . Designer **Ralph Lauren** pledges $13 million to Smithsonian Institution to restore original Star-Spangled Banner hanging in National Museum of American History.

■ Afghanistan's ruling Taliban militia bans television. TVs, VCRs, and satellite dishes found 15 days after announcement are slated for destruction. . . . Barbados, Guyana, Jamaica, and Trinidad move to cut 165-year-old links to British justice system in order to restore capital punishment. . . . New Indonesian President **B. J. Habibie** calls for fasting on Mondays and Thursdays to cut down on need for imported rice. . . . Japanese economic crisis sparks boom in fake job market. For $150 per month, Create Corp. will help fired Japanese businessmen fool family about employment status. . . . *Times of India* on Clinton China trip: while it seemed "like the imperial journey of a medieval potentate, his body language was that of a traveling salesman."

■ Former Surgeon General **Joycelyn Elders** calls for legalized prostitution in new book: "We say that [hookers] are selling their bodies, but how is that different from athletes? They're selling their bodies. Models? They're selling their bodies. Actors? They're selling their bodies."

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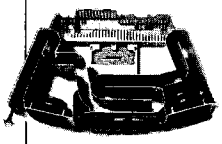
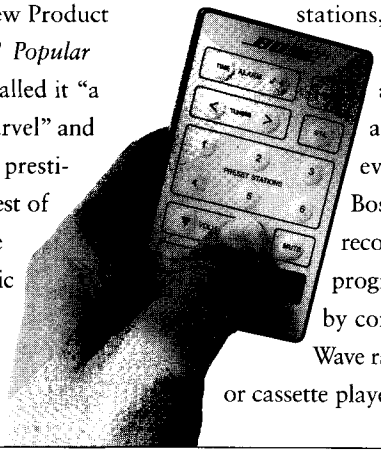


Only the Wave radio with acoustic waveguide speaker technology produces high-quality sound with full, rich bass.

You'll touch a button and hear your favorite music come alive in rich stereo sound. You'll hear every note the way it's *meant* to be heard. The Wave radio measures just 4⅛"H × 14"W × 8¼"D and fits almost anywhere. So you can listen in your bedroom, living room, kitchen, or any room. And with your choice of imperial white or graphite gray, the Wave radio not only fits in any room, it fits any decor.

Remote-controlled convenience.

Operate the radio from across the room with the credit card-sized remote control. Set six AM and six FM stations, and switch between them at the touch of a button. You can even bring great Bose sound to recorded music, TV programs, or movies by connecting the Wave radio to your CD or cassette player, TV, or VCR.

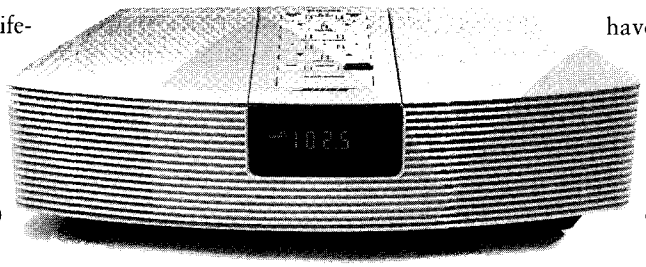


Call now and make six interest-free payments.

The Wave radio is available for $349 directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. So call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R8489, to learn more about our in-home trial and satisfaction guarantee. When you call, ask about our six-month installment payment plan. Or, if you prefer, return the coupon below.

Wired magazine said it has a "clean, sweet sound that will have your friends wondering where you've hidden your fancy speakers." But you have to hear the Wave radio for yourself to believe it. Call today.

Hear The Radio That Woke Up An Entire Industry.



Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R8489.

When you call, ask about our six-month installment payment plan.
(Available on telephone orders only.)
Also ask about FedEx® delivery service.

Please specify your color choice when ordering the Wave® radio:
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THE WEEK

■ We now know the worst side effect of Viagra: Bob Dole talking about his sex life.

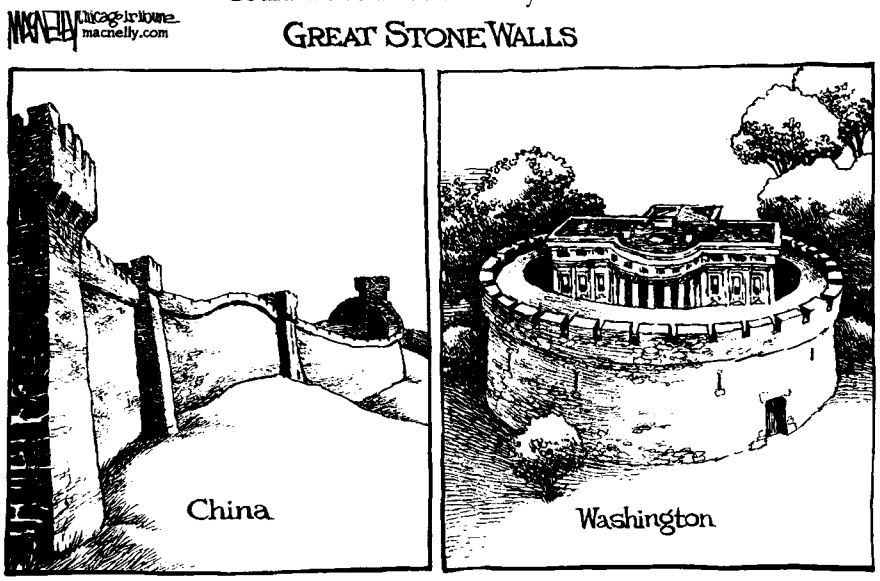
■ Nina Burleigh, a former stringer for *Time*, looking to flack a forthcoming book, claims in *Mirabella* that she and President Clinton played footsie during a game of hearts on Air Force One. Elsewhere, she has said that she would have had sex with the President "just to thank him for keeping abortion legal." First, reporters said they weren't liberal. Then they said, Okay, we're liberal, but it doesn't slant our reporting. Now the line is: We're liberal, and we'll sleep with liberals, but it doesn't slant our reporting. Ladies and gentlemen: Just slant your reporting; it's easier.

■ In launching a criminal investigation of Linda Tripp for taping Monica Lewinsky, Maryland state prosecutor Stephen Montanarelli can now claim a high-profile role that has, despite all the media talk, never been properly filled in this scandal: that of "out of control" prosecutor. Maryland's highest court has interpreted the state's ban on wiretapping very narrowly: There is no criminal violation unless the prosecutor can prove that the person doing the taping knew that it was illegal. There is no evidence that Linda Tripp did. So the prosecution serves no purpose other than intimidating and silencing Mrs. Tripp. Meanwhile, a federal judge has sanctioned the White House and the Justice Department for stonewalling about how Mrs. Tripp's personnel file was released in clear violation of the Privacy Act. The Pentagon's own months-long investigation into the illegal disclosure is weeks overdue. For Linda Tripp, it's more of the same: no justice, and no peace.

■ Republicans are working on health-care bills to answer the Democratic campaign against HMOs. Senate Republicans, in particular, plan to include some free-market provisions, such as lifting most restrictions on medical savings accounts. Their proposed regulations, however, are mostly counterproductive attempts to make HMOs into something they are not. HMOs dominate the market in the first place because they are necessary to control the health-care costs our federal policies inflate. To add a layer of bureaucracy on top of (and against) the HMO bureaucracy is to force the health-care system to chase its own tail. And what will Republicans do if the free-market provisions are stripped from the bill? Can they then vote against stand-alone regulations they have already endorsed? Further upsetting GOP calculations, the largest HMOs, in a split-the-difference lurch typical of Big Business, have publicly announced their willingness to accept harsher regulation than the Republicans are proposing in order to fend off the Democrats' worst ideas. If Congress avoids making health care worse this year, it will be a tribute less to its good sense than to its truncated schedule.

■ Delegates to the national convention of the 2.4-million-member National Education Association defeated a proposal to merge with the 900,000-member American Federation of Teachers. The defeat marked the first time rank-and-file delegates have bucked the NEA leadership, and it stalled the creation of a combined organization which would be even more effective at shielding the public schools from meaningful reform. An eventual merger still seems likely, however. Opposition was centered on particulars of the agreement that will probably soon be ironed out. The day after rejecting the proposal, the NEA delegates voted to continue merger talks with the AFT. Expect to see merger agreements hammered out at the state and local level in coming months, beginning with Minnesota and Florida. Do not expect to see any of this working to the benefit of schoolchildren.

■ The idea that individuals should be able to invest some of their own Social Security funds is drawing increasing support from the public and politicians alike. Criticism is confined to the left wing of the Democratic Party, and it has an increasingly desperate quality. Rep. Charles Rangel (D., N.Y.) compares the market to a crapshoot. (The Left never has understood the difference between taking risks and artificially creating them.) Writing in the *Washington Post*, Rep. Dick Gephardt (D., Mo.) pretends that the program can rely for much of the next forty years on a mythical trust fund. (Gephardt on the elderly: Let them eat IOUs.) He warns of a replay of the Crash of '29: "Could we as a nation really afford the disaster we would



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■ APOLOGIES: In Alan Reynolds's "Setting Sun" (*NR*, July 20), there was a typographical error concerning the 1998 increase in the Japanese money supply. The correct figure is 3.8 per cent.

In the same issue, we gave the wrong Internet address for the Media Research Center's new Conservative News Service. The correct address is www.conservativenews.org. Less than a month old, the Service has already seen its coverage of Democratic National Committee fundraising scandals and the firing of a Christian teacher in New York City trailed by the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal.*

experience if the value of our retirement safety net fell 90 per cent over a three-year period?" But economic calamity would make paying for retirement more difficult regardless of the financing arrangements. Retirees in 2024 will have to draw on the wealth of 2024. And there will be more wealth then if money is invested in productive assets now. Rep. Gephardt more or less concedes the point by suggesting that the government invest Social Security funds in equity markets, although he is unwilling to let individuals do so. Leave it to liberals to endorse a "crapshoot," as long as it is the government that is throwing the dice.

■ There are lies, damned lies, and Brookings statistics. A four-year study by the liberal Washington think tank has concluded that nuclear weapons have cost the U.S. some $5.48 trillion since 1940 (measured in 1996 dollars), which is deemed wasteful excess. But the figure is wildly inflated: it includes the costs of the bombers, missiles, and submarines that carried nuclear weapons, as well as the costs of protecting stationary weapons from enemy attack. Nuclear forces were a small fraction of the defense budget, which in turn was a fraction of the federal budget, itself a fraction of the GDP. Not to mention that the study glosses over the benefits of nukes. Winning World War II, for starters. Then deterring Stalin and his successors from launching either conventional or nuclear aggression against our major allies in Europe and Asia. How much would it have "cost" to lose the West?

■ Operating out of a church basement in Durham, N.C., Healthy Start Academy has given its young students—70 per cent of whom are poor enough to qualify for federal lunches—a steady diet of arithmetic, phonics, and discipline. The results have been dramatic. Standardized test scores for the charter school's kindergartners jumped from the 42nd percentile at the beginning of the school year to the 99th percentile by its end. First-graders improved from the 21st percentile to the 34th. Second-graders zoomed from the 34th percentile to the 75th. All for $2,800 per child less than the state's traditional public schools spend. But now the state Board of Education, egged on by the state teachers union, is threatening to shut down Healthy Start because it does not reflect the racial makeup of its district. Healthy Start's student body, you see, is 99 per cent black, and in a district that is 45 per cent black, that just won't do. Twelve other charter schools (eleven of which are majority-black) are also on the chopping block. What the Board is really saying is that if the education establishment can't educate minority children, no one can.

■ By a terrible paradox, the murder by firebomb of three young Catholic boys in Northern Ireland, seemingly at the hands of "loyalist" terrorists, may have enabled the new peace settlement to overcome its first major crisis. It revolted both the nationalist and unionist communities, isolating the intransigents on both sides who were squaring off for a sectarian fight. This was supposed to take place over a traditional Orange Order march down a road in Portadown that skirts a Catholic housing development. If the crisis had played out according to the Sinn Fein–IRA script, the denouement would have been a pitched battle between unionists and the British Army. Such a skirmish would then have led (over time and after many more deaths) to a unionist guerrilla war against the security forces, an eventual British exit, and so—at long last—to Irish unity. Unfortunately for such calculations, the local Orange extremists were disowned by national leaders, and Orange marches elsewhere in Northern Ireland passed off quietly. No doubt there will be future crises, but this week has seen links of trust quietly forged between London and Dublin and mainstream Protestant and Catholic leaders. The Good Friday agreement lives, for now.

■ Add Russia to the list of victims of the International Monetary Fund. The IMF's pressures on Moscow to tighten its belt contributed to massive wage and pension arrears. These in turn triggered widespread social unrest, culminating in the recent rail blockades by coal miners that nearly caused the Russian financial markets to collapse. The Clinton Administration's answer? Another IMF program, to the tune of $11 billion. This money is no more likely to help than the tens of billions from previous programs. An alternative approach once floated by ex–Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin would have created a multibillion-dollar stand-by entity to bolster the ruble, backed by shares in Russian privatization projects. But Russia's mafia/oligopolists vetoed the idea, wanting no part of any plan to open Russia to more foreign investment. Meanwhile, Moscow sells advanced weapons to China and Iran that will inevitably be targeted on Americans. America's Russian policy is nearly as chaotic and senseless as Russia itself.

■ In response to a planted question in a meeting with intellectuals in Shanghai, President Clinton declared that the United States did not support 1) independence for Taiwan, 2) a two-China or one-China-one-Taiwan policy, or 3) Taiwan's membership in international organizations as a sovereign state. Thus he articulated the so-called "Three Noes," which U.S. leaders had previously kept

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Chaos Looms!

Now, learn the 13 steps you should take to protect yourself and your family

Like it or not, computers are everywhere. They have quietly infiltrated nearly every aspect of our existence — including the delivery of water and power to our homes, groceries to supermarket shelves, and accurate information to our bank accounts.

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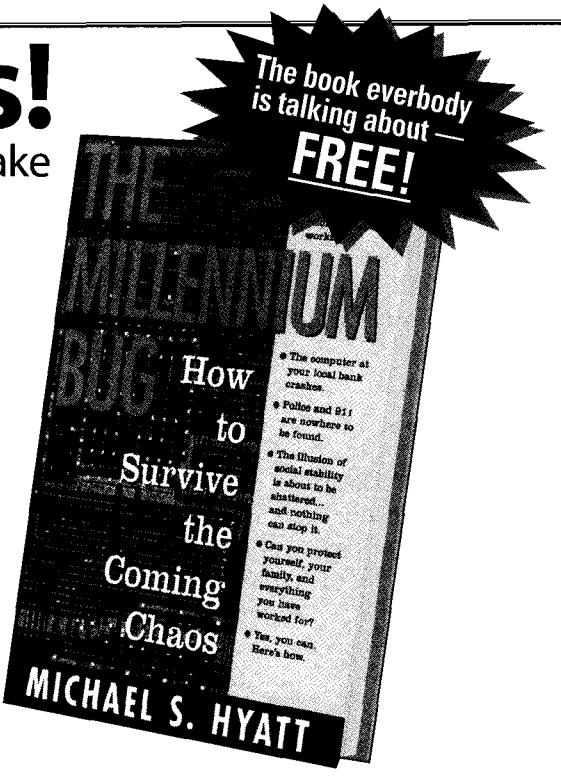
This is exactly what will occur on January 1, 2000 — due to a simple problem that will make computers read the date "00" as "1900." But as Michael S. Hyatt demonstrates in *The Millennium Bug*, the problem is *not* technological. We know when it will occur. We know how to fix it. But there are *too few programmers and too little time to fix so enormous and detailed a problem.*

The good news? There are 13 simple steps you can take to prepare for this inevitable calamity. This positive, practical advice makes *The Millennium Bug* one of the most important books you'll ever read.

Why you need this book even if you NEVER use computers

The Millennium Bug is *not* aimed primarily at computer users. Using simple, non-technical language, Hyatt explains (1) the scope and magnitude of the Year 2000 problem, (2) outlines concrete scenarios of how it will play itself out — and (3) offers step-by-step advice on how to prepare. Some highlights:

- The "Domino Effect:" how computers that aren't fixed will inevitably crash those that are
- How the crisis will impact federal, state, and local governments...the stock market...the military...public utilities...the communications infrastructure...transportation and shipping
- The impact on banking and finance — the *most* computer-dependent industries, and the infrastructure which undergirds every financial transaction in our society
- URGENT PRACTICAL ADVICE: 13 crucial areas in which you need to start preparing for the Year 2000 crisis *right now*



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implicit. The statement immediately escalated the diplomatic pressures on Taipei to go along with Peking's attempt to seduce it into political negotiations on reunification, which was, of course, precisely why Peking had lobbied long and hard for such a presidential statement. Now, all this is backfiring on Peking. In Washington, the Senate voted 92 to 0 to reaffirm the U.S. commitment to protecting Taiwan. The Clinton gaffe is expected to play into the hands of Taiwan's pro-independence Democratic Progressive Party. Add a fourth No to the United States' Taiwan policy: We shall not allow it to be wrecked by President Clinton.

■ Eighty years after they were shot, burned, and tossed into a swamp, Nicholas II, the last Czar of Russia, and his family will be properly buried in St. Petersburg. As the historian Richard Pipes has written, "there is a deep symbolic meaning" to their murder. "Just as liberty has its great historic days . . . so does totalitarianism. The manner in which the massacre was prepared and carried out, at first denied and then justified, has something uniquely odious about it. . . . When a government arrogates to itself the power to kill people, not because of what they had done or even might do, but because their death is 'needed,' we are entering an entirely new moral realm. . . . The same reasoning that had led the Bolsheviks to condemn [the Romanovs] to death would later be applied in Russia and elsewhere to millions of nameless beings who happened to stand in the way of one or another design for a new world order." May they, and the century that took them, rest in peace.

■ After the sentencing of her son's killer, Camille Cosby wrote a *cri de coeur* in *U.S.A. Today*. A mother's grief deserves respect, but Mrs. Cosby's opinions do not. The immigrant murderer, she wrote, had reacted to the cues of a racist society, including all the portraits of slaveowners—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Grant, Franklin—on our currency. In fact, Washington freed all his slaves upon his death (the only slaveowning President to do so). Jefferson put "all men are created equal" in the nation's founding document. Hamilton never owned slaves. Grant owned slaves for six years; he later fought for four years in the Civil War, crushing the slave power. Franklin owned slaves as a young man, but became an abolitionist; his last political act was to petition Congress to end slavery. To call these men slaveowners *tout court* distorts their careers, and defames the country that honors them: rather like saying that Americans condone adultery because they admire Bill Cosby.

■ Part-time New York City mayoral candidate, part-time civil-rights leader, and full-time self-promoter Al Sharpton might finally be getting his comeuppance. On July 13, a Dutchess County jury ruled that he, suspended lawyer Alton Maddox, and disbarred lawyer C. Vernon Mason had acted unlawfully in falsely accusing a local assistant district attorney of assaulting Tawana Brawley ten years ago. Sharpton and his sidekicks publicly accused the attorney, Steven Pagones, of defecating on Miss Brawley, raping her, and drawing racial slurs all over her body. Sharpton et al. refused to back away from their claims even after the grand jury in the case determined that Miss Brawley had fabricated the entire incident. Now Pagones has his reputation back. But will our racial politics ever recover its dignity?

■ Brian Peterson and Amy Grossberg received jail sentences of just two and two and a half years, respectively, for killing their baby. The judge, Henry duPont Ridgely, suspended their eight-year sentence for manslaughter (which was itself a reduced charge from a murder conviction). In exchange for all this leniency, Brian and Amy were supposed to admit guilt. Did they? Amy told the court: "I'm extremely sorry for what happened to my baby"—not, significantly, for what she *did* to her baby. Insofar as Miss Grossberg took any responsibility, it was for not killing her baby sooner: "I know I could have prevented this from happening by talking to my parents or seeing a doctor." Actually, she could have prevented it simply by not bludgeoning her baby to death. Brian also apologized in the passive voice: "Mistakes were made that cost the life of my son," he averred. "I'm so sorry for what happened." So are we—not least for what happened at the courthouse.

■ But take heart. In Madison, Wisconsin, Barry Herbeck was sentenced to 12 years in prison for torturing five cats to death.

■ The Archbishop of York, the Most Rev. David Hope, admonished against the "cult of Diana" upon the opening of a shrine to "the people's princess" on her family's estate. He was quickly overruled by two higher authorities: the Archbishop of Canterbury, who distanced himself from the comments, and European rock sensation and *Baywatch* star David Hasselhoff. Perhaps inspired by the words etched in stone inside the temple—"Whoever is in distress can call on me"—Hasselhoff prayed to the princess to stop the rain at a recent concert. The rain stopped. So what will this new religion use for its Scripture? We nominate *People* magazine.

Monitoring Ken Starr

Sometimes he's down and Webb is up;
Sometimes the Secret Service
Contracts as if it's set to pup,
And that makes Clinton nervous.

—W. H. von Dreele

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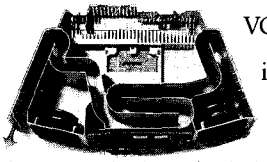
The Wave radio also has easy-to-use features not found in any other radio. It comes with a credit card-sized remote control, six AM and six FM pre-set buttons, and dual alarms. Plus, you can easily connect it to your CD player, TV, or VCR. All from a radio measuring just 4⅛"H×14"W×8¼"D. It's little wonder many people use the Wave radio as their primary stereo system.



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■ *Armageddon* opened over the July Fourth weekend and turned out to be a rollicking, sassy flick, enlivened by a snort of fully oxygenated American patriotism. Why, then, are reviewers hurling their own mini-meteorites at this movie about a giant meteorite hurtling toward earth? Janet Maslin of the *New York Times* denounces the film as "jingoistic" and full of "ersatz patriotism"; she particularly dislikes a scene where Bruce Willis, as a deep-sea oil rigger, "spitefully" chips golf balls at a Greenpeace ship. *Variety* denounces the "jingoistic, thank-you-America-for-saving-the-world message" and beefs about a scene where Willis and his colleagues, who helped save the world by blowing up the interplanetary object, ask, in return, to be exempted from the income tax. The *New York Observer* is offended by the Greenpeace interlude, "jingoistic invocations of God and Country," and "the publicly espoused conservative stands of Mr. Willis." And you were wondering how movie critics celebrate Independence Day.

■ The obituaries for Roy Rogers, who died at 86, glowed with baby-boomer nostalgia. But they also reflected an inchoate sense that Rogers was a man who had written, then filled, the role of his life—and a good role it was. Born Leonard Slye in Cincinnati, Ohio, he became a country singer and a movie star in the Thirties, playing cheerful good guys for the rest of his life. He and his wife, Dale Evans, had a daughter, Robin, with Down's syndrome; when she died, Miss Evans wrote about her—unheard-of frankness in Fifties Hollywood. They then adopted several children, two of whom died in accidents. But Dale Evans and Roy Rogers kept cherishing life's blessings. Rogers gave money to Billy Graham and the Campus Crusade for Christ, and called his autobiography *Happy Trails*. Until we meet again.

■ After a hard-fought match, Algeria finally prevailed in the World Cup.

Report Now

FOR months, the White House and Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr have been clashing in the courts: Starr tirelessly issuing subpoenas and gathering evidence, President Clinton and his legal team throwing blocks—executive privilege, Secret Service privilege, who-knows-what-next privilege (maybe pantry privilege, said Jonathan Turley in the *Wall Street Journal*: the President has to be free to speak in front of his Filipino stewards). It is now time for Starr to quit this increasingly fruitless tug-of-war and report to Congress, which eventually must dispose of the case anyway.

Of late, Clinton has adopted an amazing strategy of constitutional brinkmanship, refusing to cooperate with Starr—the President has repeatedly declined requests for his testimony—and daring Congress to go the impeachment route. "I'm advising that Mr. Starr should send his report to the House, and, if [Congress] so chooses, to start those proceedings," said one Clinton flack. The White House is banking on the assumption that timid Republicans will prefer to waltz undisturbed to the November elections. A Starr report now would call the White House's bluff and put skittish Republicans to the test before the August recess and fall electioneering become handy excuses for inaction.

That Starr's work has taken so long is, of course, mostly the fault of the White House. But the delay is costing Starr. As Richard Lowry writes (see p. 4), Starr's political moment is rapidly slipping away. For months it has seemed that he has had enough material for a credible report to Congress.

He has little to gain from continuing all the privilege fights. For one thing, Bruce Lindsey cannot claim attorney–client privilege before Congress. There he must either testify, or plead the Fifth (which will make for enlightening television). Also, Secret Service agents would risk contempt of Congress if they refused to testify.

What the Clinton scandals demand is not so much legal punishment as political accountability. Seeing Monica Lewinsky, the President's foul-mouthed and manipulative young siren, indicted would be gratifying. But much more important is that the public get a chance to see (and hear) the evidence itself so that it can render an informed judgment on the highest elected official in the land. Starr's report to Congress must be, in the President's words, "more rather than less, sooner rather than later."

Other Persuasions

THE political arena has never been the best place to grapple with the complexities of sexual desire. That is especially the case in an age where cant is the rule and would-be moralists must piece together slogans from a half-forgotten vocabulary. Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott, then, could be forgiven his clumsiness in saying to an interviewer that, yes, homosexual conduct is a sin. "You should still love that person," he added. "And you should not try to mistreat them or treat them as outcasts. You should try to show them, you know, a way to deal with that problem," which he went on to compare to alcoholism, "sex addiction," and kleptomania. These comments set off a political row: White House spokesman Mike McCurry opined that it was hard "dealing with people who are so backward in their thinking."

Lott was right to try to put the matter in perspective: homosexual activity is merely one sexual sin among many. It may differ in its social import from other sins. (It is clearly *less* destructive than some others, producing neither illegitimate children nor abortions.) It receives more attention than other sins from moral conservatives because new claims are being made, and settled policies challenged, on its behalf. But morally, it is no worse.

That is why it is proving so difficult to resist the politi-

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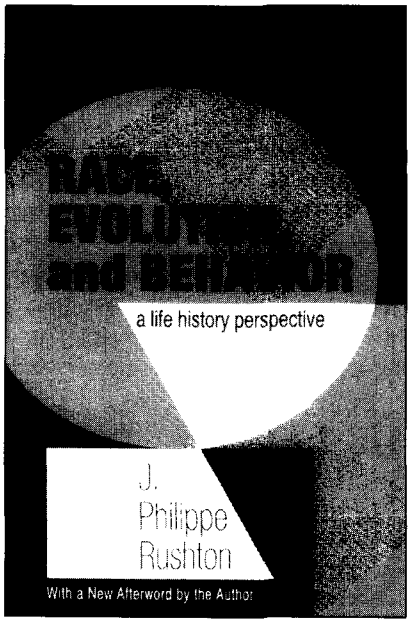
—Malcolm W. Browne,
New York Times Book Review



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cal causes that march under the banner of "gay rights." A society that has already begun to blur sex roles and to treat sexual activity as a form of entertainment cannot conscientiously argue that this one item should be taken off the libidinal menu. As a result, during debates over "same-sex marriage" many opponents have found themselves unable to make an argument from the nature of marriage and have instead resorted to dialectics: If this can be allowed, so can polygamy. Or they have quoted Scripture, which persuades only those who take it literally—which is to say, those who need no persuasion.

But the gay activists are no more persuasive when they argue that "homosexuality" is biologically innate and therefore above criticism. The precise mix of genetic and environmental influences is morally irrelevant. They can cause a predisposition toward homosexuality; they cannot cause homosexual conduct itself. (This may be what Lott meant by referring to alcohol abuse.) The most that biology could conceivably prove is that some people are born to face special temptations—or, to put it in religious terms, that the Fall here takes biological form.

Gay activists must be resisted when they demand the right to adopt children; when they try to use the courts to enforce social indifference between heterosexuality and homosexuality; when they seek, through "gay-rights" laws, to equate traditional morality with bigotry. Homosexuals cannot have our coerced approval. But they deserve our tolerance. Social conservatives have not always observed this distinction. They are resisting the nomination of James Hormel as ambassador to Luxembourg because he would be our first openly gay ambassador. But neither his sexual activity nor even his activism is sufficient reason to deny him that post. (His apparent anti-Catholicism may be.) The Republic has survived divorced ambassadors.

How should we respond to our homosexual friends and fellow citizens? With an honesty that does not seek to wound, but a love that dare not refuse the truth (to paraphrase Richard John Neuhaus). A disappointed *New York Times* editorialized, "Mr. Lott, the Senate majority leader, said last month that homosexuals are sinners." So they are. So are we all.

This Is CNN

AT least CNN retracted its accusation that American special forces had used nerve gas on American "defectors" in Laos in 1970. As the Media Research Center has noted, ABC handled a similar case of journalistic malfeasance less creditably. After its *Prime Time Live* in 1991 helped union forces—using faked résumés, hidden cameras, and staged events—press their claim that the non-union Food Lion supermarket chain deliberately sold tainted meat, the segment's producers got promotions and raises. The executive producer, later personally fined $35,000 by a jury, ended up with a fancy new job: Richard Kaplan became president of domestic news at CNN.

Despite Kaplan's role as creator of the show *NewsStand*, which aired the unsubstantiated nerve-gas charges, he has not even been rebuked. The reason: CNN is desperate to add some ABC-style magazine-show pizzazz to its evening lineup. The Pew Research Center noted last month that only 23 per cent of respondents said they watched CNN regularly, down from 35 per cent in 1993. The *Boston Globe* reported that CNN's average numbers from April through June dropped to just 348,000 households a day, "about as many viewers as Country Music Television."

The appointment of Kaplan, a golfing buddy of President Clinton's, also signaled CNN's intention to slant the news to please the White House. Just this year, Kaplan has aired a two-hour special berating the media for overcovering the Lewinsky scandal, an hour-long special bashing Ken Starr, even an hour-long special trashing House Republican congressman Dan Burton. Thus CNN's focus on yet another liberal hobbyhorse, the U.S. military during the Vietnam War, seemed as politically tendentious as it did sensationalistic.

CNN hung on to reporter Peter Arnett even though he was the public face of the discredited report. Remember the infamous report that U.S. jets had bombed an Iraqi infant-formula factory? Arnett admitted in March 1991 that he really didn't know whether his Baghdad reporting was true, and he "didn't go deep down" to try to find out. The two producers whom CNN actually fired, April Oliver and Jack Smith, had a similar mindset. Smith explained, "[CNN executives] have gagged us. . . . This is a cave to the military establishment, to the secret army which is one step away from the secret police."

This is what comes of ingesting liberalism, 24 hours a day.

Talk of the Town

IT may be hard for non-Gothamites to fathom, but when Tina Brown announced she was leaving *The New Yorker*, all systems stopped. The nearest equivalent was Washington during Week One of Monica. The hubbub was partly a tribute to Miss Brown, mistress of spin. But it was also a hurrah for the magazine—and, considering her tenure, it may be the last.

For half a century *The New Yorker* coasted on the extraordinary push-off of its first editor, Harold Ross. Ross, a thorny Midwesterner, had a dream of New York, which unrolled in each issue with "Talk of the Town." These unsigned items had to contain some interesting facts. They could be wry, but never heavily ironic. Seemingly slight data glanced toward large themes, like mortality. The ancestor of "Talk" was Joseph Addison and Richard Steele's 1711–12 *Spectator*, one of the founding documents of the gentlemanly ideal.

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Introducing

Hell, Air-Conditioned!

Word has come in from the Anglican Doctrine Commission in England that Hell is merely "nonbeing" — kinda like Nirvana, maybe. No more "unquenchable fire," no more "wailing and gnashing of teeth," which that mean-spirited Jesus has been scaring people with for almost 20 centuries!

Now, if Hell is painless, an eternal sleep on a bed of roses, then you can sin to your heart's delight without anxiety. You're liberated! Let Goody Two-Shoes deny himself naughty pleasures in this life so he can get into Heaven in the next — *if* there is a Heaven. You'll take the bird in hand over the two that might — or might not — be in the bush.

Quite seriously, folks, if Hell is a piece of cake, and if Jesus is the Savior, then He's a pretty piddling Savior, for He hasn't saved us from anything worth fearing. After all, the immoral nonbeliever *expects* "nonbeing" after he dies — that's exactly what will please him.

However, Catholicism still teaches that Hell is hot and horrid — you can look it up in the new *Catechism*.

But much of Catholicism has become fluffy and superficial in the last few decades. Not many priests warn of Hell anymore. Of course, it stands to reason that a breezy, lightweight Catholicism would give us an air-conditioned Hell, and so it has.

Now, if Hell is a non-issue, why evangelize? No wonder our zeal for souls has cooled off. And why be good? No wonder Catholics have abortions at about the same rate as the rest of the population. And why even bother to go to church? No wonder church attendance among Catholics in the U.S. has dropped from 70%, before Catholicism began getting foggy in the 1960s, to 25% today! When Hell is gentrified, Christianity goes to the dogs — just look at the dilapidated condition of Anglicanism, and liberal Protestantism generally.

And, worst of all, attempts to air-condition Hell make it likely that more and more people will wind up in that nasty, dreadful place. Dr. Bernard Nathanson, the atheist and former abortionist who presided over some 75,000 abortions, recently converted to Catholicism. Why? Because he said he was "afraid" of Hell, of "an eternity perhaps more terrifying than anything Dante envisioned...." But had he been told that Hell is merely "nonbeing," he might have decided it wasn't worth the trouble to repent and convert.

And he might have been in for quite a surprise on Judgment Day. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, proclaim Christian truth without compromise. Acclaimed by Cardinal Law as "excellent," we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's no-nonsense Christian. If you're sick of cotton-candy Christianity, get some real nourishment and subscribe today!

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At the Starting Gate

George Bush (that's the son) isn't saddled;
The rest sound like boys who've been paddled.
Al Gore, who's been running
Like nuns he'd been dunning,
Examines the polls, looking addled.

—W. H. VON DREELE

As Richard Brookhiser writes (see p. 53), Ross's successor, William Shawn, pinched the ideal. Miss Brown trashed it. She never savored, but grabbed for glamor, glitz, and proximity to the rich and famous, often media moguls. If Ross was Addison and Steele, she was Moll Flanders. She moves on to Hollywood, her Avalon.

Her tenure as editor accompanied a publishing strategy of sky-high ad rates, justified by circulation increases. But the only way to goose circulation is to buy it, and the directionless editorial buzz undercut reader loyalty and attention. The unworkable formula lost millions.

Miss Brown's replacement, journalist David Remnick, is an excellent writer. As an obituarist of the Soviet Union, he is familiar with dying empires.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

I think you'll be amused by this mini-selection brought together by the Massachusetts Bar Association's *Lawyers Journal*. Richard Gilbert of the *Riverdale Press* did a piece on it. These are exact transcripts of questions asked and answers given. Enjoy these samples of lawyers at work!

Q: You say the stairs went down to the basement?
A: Yes.
Q: And these stairs, did they go up also?

Q: Mr. Slattery, you went on a rather elaborate honeymoon, didn't you?
A: I went to Europe, sir.
Q: And you took your new wife?

Q: Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?
A: All my autopsies are performed on dead people.

Q: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?
A: The autopsy started around 8:30 P.M.
Q: And Mr. Dennington was dead at the time?
A: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy.

Q: So the date of the conception [of the baby] was August 8th?
A: Yes.
Q: And what were you doing at that time?

Then Gilbert has a collection of separate loony questions which are out of this world. Consider:

—Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep he does not know about it until the next morning?

—The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he?

—Were you present when your picture was taken?

—How far apart were the vehicles at the time of the collision?

—You were there until you left, is that true?

And here's one where the witness really talks back. I wish Ken Starr would do this kind of thing, just once.

Q: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?
A: No.
Q: Did you check for blood pressure?
A: No.
Q: Did you check for breathing?
A: No.
Q: So then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy.
A: No.
Q: How can you be so sure, Doctor?
A: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.
Q: But could the patient have been alive nevertheless?
A: It is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law somewhere.

Judy [Block]
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Judy: What fun. Were you really alive when you wrote me? Love,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. Bob Morrow of Memphis, Tennessee, wrote to you and asked about the reversal of the words "lock and load." There was no reversal. With the M1 rifle, which Mr. Buchanan used while in the armed service, lock and load is correct.

Prior to inserting the eight-round clips into the receiver group of the rifle, you were supposed to lock the trigger housing to prevent accidental discharges.

Hence LOCK the trigger, AND LOAD the ammo.

Cordially yours,
Joseph Gillease
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Gillease: Thanks. And now on this subject, we are, thank you, through. Cordially, **—WFB**

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by Mike Hensen

Ex-Navy engineer puts armor-piercing material on a driver. Outguns steel and titanium on distance.

PGA professionals outhit their titanium drivers by 25 and 50 yards

YALESVILLE, CT – And you thought steel and titanium were tough. Well, steel and titanium can't penetrate an armor-plated tank or sink a warship. To pierce their defenses the military had to make something so powerful it had to keep it secret... so powerful that once it was declassified, some innovative company would surely apply it to the face of a golf club to add distance.

One has and it doesn't bode well for golf's current state-of-the-art metal, titanium. A well-known professional outhit his own titanium driver with the new club by 25 yards. Another Tour professional outhit his titanium driver by almost 50 yards!

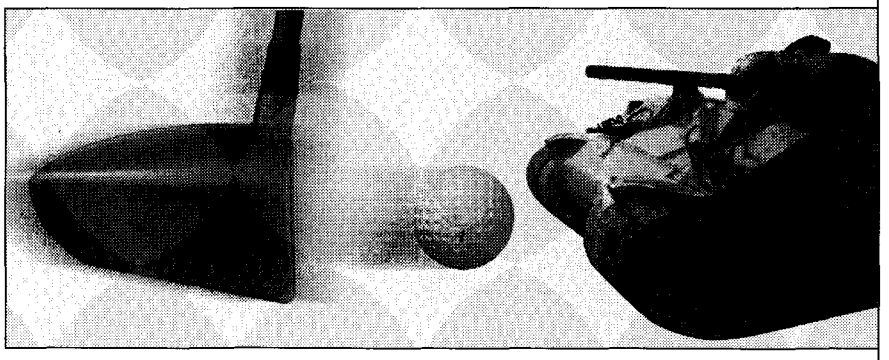
The new driver is the creation of a former Naval Ordnance engineer who used to apply the material to the tips of torpedoes, and a small golf company in Connecticut. Together, they have adapted it to the hitting surface of a steel driver. They say

"The harder it's hit, the farther it goes."

their adaptation is proprietary and a patent has been applied for.

All the company will say is that the new metal is a sort of ceramic titanium, ceramic for hardness and titanium for strength and lightness. The material – called CT-20 – is twice as hard as steel and 70% harder than titanium. It whacks a ball with such force that at club-head speeds of 120 MPH – the level of longball champs – the new club split the cover on some balls.

CT-20 also increases a golfer's accuracy by holding the ball on the face of the club four times longer than steel and titanium. This makes off-center shots far less likely to hook or slice, and allows a good golfer to draw and fade the ball with more control. I watched a top Tour professional test the club at a PGA Tournament. Here's what he told me.



Once-secret CT-20 is used on shells to penetrate tanks and warships, and on spacecraft to withstand heat on re-entry. It is twice as hard as steel, 70% harder than titanium.

"I'm hitting the ball 30 yards past my driver and controlling it like a five-iron. You see all my competitors smiling at me? That's not admiration. It's worry."

The company's Research Director explained the club this way...

"It's basic physics. The harder you hit a ball, the farther it goes, and Condor® Armor-Pierce (the club's name) clobbers a ball like a battering ram. It not only launches it farther down range than any thing else on the market, its CT-20 face reduces a ball's normal spin rate. A lower spin rate keeps the ball flying longer and at a lower trajectory for a longer roll.

"Condor Armor-Pierce also reduces *abnormal* spins that cause off-center shots to hook and slice. That's why he's outhitting his titanium driver by 30 yards and controlling 300-yards shots like a five-iron. It's a pleasure to watch, isn't it?

"You know who he is? (I said I did.) He loves the club. I wish he weren't tied up with a big company. He would shoot in the 50's with the Condor Armor-Pierce. Imagine that on TV. Titanium drivers would be history before he changed shoes, especially at Condor Armor-Pierce's price."

The once-secret CT-20 is backed up by a stainless steel head the same size as a titanium driver for maximum forgiveness. To maximize clubhead speed it comes with a 45-inch graphite shaft, or a new big butt Turbo/Tip™ graphite shaft with extra weight in the tip.

You can test the Condor Armor-Pierce for 30 days by calling **1-800-285-3900** any time or day or faxing 1-203-284-1623. Or you can send your name, address and check (or cc number and expiration date) to NGC Golf **(Dept. TC-130)**, 60 Church St., Yalesville, CT 06492. The club cost only $129.00 (a fraction of the cost of titanium clubs) and you can add the 3 and 5-woods for only $109.00 each. Add $20.00 to these prices for the new Turbo/Tip (big butt) shaft. Shipping is only $12.95 no matter how large your order. Specify regular or stiff flex, men's or ladies', when you order. Right-handed only. There's a 30-day money back guarantee, if the clubs are returned undamaged.

Oh, yes. If you swing at 120 MPH, take some extra balls.

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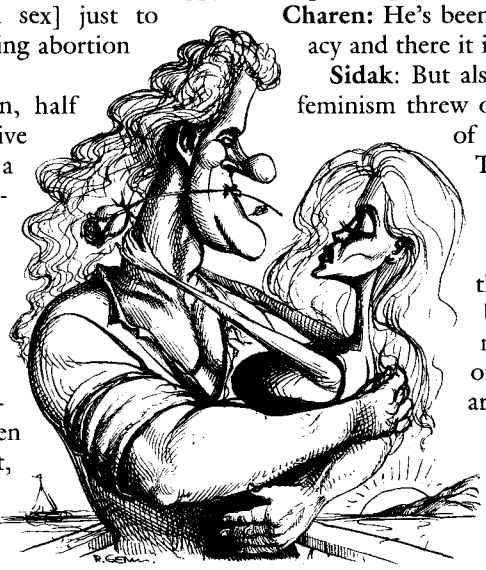
BREAD & CIRCUSES

The Big Creep

FOR the past six months, feminists have provided alibis for the guy who loves women too much. In the *New York Observer* in February, ten feminists celebrated the President's escapades as evidence that he is "alive from the waist down."

Tina Brown breathlessly reported in *The New Yorker* about President Clinton's glamor and sex appeal. And the latest feminist response comes from the besotted Nina Burleigh, a freelance writer who covered the White House for *Time*. She writes in *Mirabella* about the allure of powerful men, having found herself "willing and compliant" after being ogled by the President during a flight on Air Force One. She later told the *Washington Post*, "I'd be happy to give him [oral sex] just to thank him for keeping abortion legal."



Bill Clinton by Roman Genn

At my invitation, half a dozen conservative women spent a recent evening discussing Bill Clinton and the coterie of feminist defenders he has beguiled. The participants were syndicated columnists Mona Charen and Betsy Hart, *Women's Quarterly* editor Danielle Crittenden and contributor Melinda Sidak, MSNBC analyst Laura Ingraham, and GOP pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick.

O'Beirne: What has become of feminism in the light of the scandal?

Charen: Everything the feminists have been preaching for the last 25 years about sexual harassment and about "Men don't get it" is total bunk. Nina Burleigh is re-establishing the old rules, which is that women find powerful men attractive.

Hart: For three thousand years we knew that women use sex to get power, and men use power to get sex. Everybody seemed pretty happy with that arrangement until the feminists came along thirty years ago. And now all of a sudden they're saying, "Guess what? There was something to be said for that."

Sidak: The joke about this is that in the traditional sense of "sleeping up" a woman got something out of it—she got marriage to a powerful man. In this case, feminism, in fact, has conveniently reduced women to prostitutes. And if it's not Monica Lewinsky servicing the President in the Oval Office, it's this woman saying she'd be willing to give the President oral sex in return for abortion rights, which is really just the perfect, perfect payoff for this President.

Charen: He's been looking for a legacy and there it is!

Sidak: But also the point is that feminism threw out the window all of the protections. There was chivalry and romance, but they threw that out. So, now what they've done is bring back the most brutal form of sex-and-power arrangement.

Crittenden: I'd rather be barefoot at home than on my knees in the office.

Charen: Feminists invented sexual harassment to try to restore some of the protections for women that had been in place for thousands of years. They've now repealed sexual harassment, so there's really nothing there. Women are on their own.

Crittenden: The new rules today about sex between men and women are exactly a result of what the 1970s were really all about. It is free sex, it is sex without the constraints of marriage. They weren't able to wave away the dynamics of sexual attraction, or female and male sexual power. All they have done is take away the protections so women are now treated as unpaid prostitutes.

O'Beirne: But the feminists insist that Bill Clinton is "good for women."

Ingraham: That's the key point. When the choice is between what's good for women and what's in the interest of the political Left, the political Left wins every time. So if Bill Clinton is treating individual women appallingly, that's OK because the ends justify the means.

Sidak: What Nina Burleigh says is that what it means to be "for women" now comes down to getting rid of unwanted babies.

O'Beirne: With all these women thinking lustful thoughts about Bill Clinton, what about Hillary? What's become of the sisterhood?

Crittenden: Sisterhood used to be based on the notion of mutual interest. We were all married at a certain point in our lives and we all protect each other from the Nina Burleighs and the Monica Lewinskys. Feminists tried to replace that sisterhood with almost a sisterhood of sex. And it doesn't work. This is an every-woman-for-herself universe, we're all going for the big guy. Sisterhood will walk over the wife, it will walk over the daughter. Sisterhood will walk over whomever it has to, to get what it wants.

Ingraham: It Takes a Village to keep a man faithful, that's the problem. Sisterhood used to be about women standing up for each other's marriages and commitments.

Charen: I don't believe that sisterhood ever existed.

Ingraham: I disagree. So long as adultery was looked down upon, homewreckers were punished by other women who didn't think adultery was a varsity sport.

Crittenden: They tried to replace it with a sisterhood based on politics—that we're all liberals and favor abortion.

Fitzpatrick: We're going to have a great wake-up call and we're going to decide after eight years of the Animal House instead of the White House, we're going to want a new kind of leadership.

Ingraham: The attitude will be, we might have dysfunctional families, but we don't want to pay for one in the White House.

O'Beirne: But we're told that the public doesn't really care about Bill Clinton's personal life.

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Hart: Parents are certainly fed up with it. We're in danger of wearing out our mute buttons during the evening news.
Crittenden: Americans do care about adultery and they do care about the Presidency. It doesn't mean that we don't care about adultery, just because we're prepared to put up with Bill Clinton.
O'Beirne: What about the collection of women swooning over Bill Clinton—Tina Brown et al.?
Hart: He's certainly not a manly man, with all his weeping, lip-biting, and hand-wringing.
Crittenden: By the standards of these liberal women, Bill Clinton *is* manly. They mistake lower-classness for manliness. They're used to sleeping with weedy, socialistic, hairy-chinned, nerdy guys and they think anybody who can pop a beer can in his fist and lech over a desk is manly.
Fitzpatrick: They've never encountered someone like Bill Clinton in their lives. He's like the caddy at Daddy's golf course.
Ingraham: I think a man who is faithful to his wife and devoted to his family is a very attractive person. It represents the ultimate strength.
Fitzpatrick: Such a person is inaccessible to you. He's the guy who goes to soccer games and dance recitals. Strength is different from power.
Sidak: Ronald Reagan was manly. Here was a man who takes a bullet and cracks jokes about it to reassure his anxious wife, something Bill Clinton would be incapable of.
Ingraham: He would have introduced legislation to ban certain kinds of bullets.
Hart: Imagine Bill Clinton on the *Titanic*.
O'Beirne: You disagree that it's cool to have a President "alive from the waist down"?
Charen: There ought to be limits on speculation about the sex lives of Presidents. When Gerry Ford told reporters that he and Betty shared a double bed, that signaled a decline in civilization.
Crittenden: But sex is these women's religion. It's the last thing they believe in and all they care about.
Fitzpatrick: They already have everything they want. Whenever I give a speech in New York City, all the questions are about abortion, regardless of what the speech was about. When you have such a comfortable life, all you have to worry about are these platitudes about feminism.
Charen: Many feminists were uncomfortable with the message of feminism, over the last ten years particularly, which was incredibly anti-sex.
Sidak: "We want loveless, meaningless sex too!"
Crittenden: Well, they can't go back to marriage and commitment.
Charen: They are perfectly willing to part company with Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, but they cannot part company with Betty Friedan, who said that marriage was a trap and a snare, and most wives lead lives of quiet desperation.
O'Beirne: Why do more women than men appear to be supporting Bill Clinton in the midst of this scandal?
Fitzpatrick: What's interesting is that women are loath to pass a personal judgment on Bill Clinton because to do so, you're not just saying he's wrong, you're saying I'm wrong. Because chances are, they voted for him.
O'Beirne: What should the Republican response be to the scandal?
Ingraham: How can we be surprised at public apathy, when Republicans are saying nothing?
Fitzpatrick: The immediate public response was that the behavior was wrong, wrong, wrong. But when Hillary Clinton went on *Today*, she changed the debate from right versus wrong to right versus left.
Crittenden: I've explained to my children that the public isn't always right, but that it takes a great deal of bravery to come out and say that someone or something is wrong.
O'Beirne: But what if lies and coverups were only about sex?
Ingraham: You don't have the luxury of lying about sex when you are the President and you're in the people's house. And the people are paying your salary, your lawyer's salary, and your intern's salary.
Charen: Twenty-one-year-old interns are not a perk of the Presidency, sorry.
O'Beirne: Is it worse to have a sexual relationship with an intern or to tape a friend who gave you a Chanel-knockoff pocketbook?
Charen: How can they subscribe to the notion that friendship is more sacred than marriage vows?
Sidak: And what about the responsibility to protect your children? Linda Tripp was worried about her job and her ability to provide for her children.
Crittenden: What about lying? What is worse than committing perjury for some neurotic 24-year-old? I don't actually believe this whole idea that they were close friends. Monica Lewinsky had intimacy with whoever was handy.
Ingraham: She was a serial confessor.
Sidak: Friends don't let friends commit perjury.
Ingraham: None of the elites explain what they would do if a friend asked them to commit a felony.
Fitzpatrick: I think that Linda Tripp appreciated that eventually her friend Monica was going to tell Bill Clinton that she had told about the affair. She was worried that she'd wind up like Kathleen Willey's cat.
Hart: Linda Tripp spent a whole year listening to Monica detail her relationship with Bill Clinton and never told a soul about it. She's a better girl than I.
Crittenden: Now, that's what I hold against her. Keeping silent for a year is not the behavior of a natural woman.
Charen: It's ironic that we are having this kind of scandal now. The parties aren't very far apart on questions like Social Security, but they are far apart on matters of personal behavior. And it's the lack of personal morality that's ruining the country.
Ingraham: That is the divide between the parties, and the Democrats seem more comfortable with their side of the divide than the Republicans are with theirs. The Republicans have a responsibility to give a vision to the public that is different than the chattering class's.
Crittenden: It's not about whether you're a Democrat or a Republican, it's about what you think of a man who behaves this way. The feminists have been overly partisan because they'll hang out with any man who supports abortion, but for most people it comes down to ethics.
O'Beirne: What should Republicans do with a Starr report?
Ingraham: All the evidence should be put out—the tapes, the e-mail traffic, the courier receipts. It should all be out in one week. Set up a website, call it "More rather than less, sooner rather than later."
Charen: We should send money to a charity in Linda Tripp's name for having saved the country from the prospect of having Bill Clinton sitting on the Supreme Court.
Hart: Don't be so sure. This Republican Senate would probably confirm him. —KATE O'BEIRNE

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MORE PEACE, LESS PROCESS

Mideast Burnout

The Administration is handling the Israelis all wrong.

PETER W. RODMAN

ISRAELIS, Palestinians, and American mediators seem to be slogging their way toward some kind of a deal involving a partial Israeli redeployment on the West Bank and some quid pro quo that satisfies Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu's political requirements. But this "victory," even if achieved, will have been drained of all significance. One of the theories of the American strategy of "step-by-step" negotiations was that agreement on incremental steps would breed the mutual confidence to make further steps easier. No one now pretends this will be the case.

Fashionable opinion blames Netanyahu. His Likud government, elected two years ago, is clearly more rigid and less trusting of the Palestinians than the Labour governments of Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres. There is another school, to be sure, that points the finger at Yasir Arafat for his cavalier attitude toward his own obligations undertaken in previous agreements.

But no one has focused on the American responsibility here—on the intellectual flaw at the heart of the American diplomatic strategy.

The Oslo accords of 1994 and 1995 laid out a set of mutual obligations, including a schedule of incremental Israeli military redeployments out of Palestinian-populated areas of the West Bank and Gaza. These were to be interim steps, a prelude to the climactic negotiation on the ultimate (or "final status") issues—Jerusalem, Palestinian sovereignty, final borders, water, refugees, etc.

This scheme was designed by a Labour government to suit its goals and political needs. For a Labour government, pressed by a hard-line Likud opposition, Oslo's schedule of incremental redeployments was a way to sneak up on a final territorial partition. The "transitional" nature of Oslo would deflect some of the ideological attack.

For a Likud government, this logic doesn't work. Given its ideological distaste for territorial concessions, a *series* of them is pure agony: it is the *hardest* way for even a flexible-minded Likud prime minister to proceed. That is why Netanyahu proposed, in the fall of 1996, to proceed directly to the "final status" negotiations. He promised that Israel would make significant moves in that context, in return for final peace. He has laid the groundwork by letting it be known that these would include acceptance of Palestinian sovereignty (subject to restrictions in the security sphere) and by leaking maps that were variants (albeit stingier) of concepts of territorial partition long advocated by Labour. He has also told visitors that at the critical point in such a negotiation he would form a national-unity coalition with Labour.

Yasir Arafat by Romani Genn

A shift to "final status" offered many benefits to the Palestinians. It was a way to break the deepening impasse over Oslo and give the negotiation a fresh start. It was also the best hope of restraining Israeli unilateralism (since, so long as issues like Jerusalem were not on the table, Israel reserved its freedom of action). It was, in fact, the only productive way to proceed.

However, since the proposal represented a change in the Oslo procedure, it couldn't be implemented unless both sides agreed. And Arafat just said no. The American mediators, reportedly intrigued by the idea, failed to persuade him. For this they have paid a huge price.

Through nearly 25 years of Arab-Israeli diplomacy, America's preferred course has been to coordinate strategy with Israel. This is not because of pro-Israel bias; it's because America's job is to figure out what procedure has the best chance of working. That's why Henry Kissinger devised the step-by-step approach in the first place. It came from American insight into how an Israeli government was most likely to find it possible to be flexible.

At Camp David in 1978, President Jimmy Carter was mediating between Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and a Likud prime minister, Menachem Begin. When the Palestinian question arose, Begin refused to contemplate territorial partition on the West Bank. But he came up with the idea of autonomy—a turnover of powers, a kind of functional partition. As an interim step, it did not prejudge the final status of the territories.

American mediators at Camp David had the wisdom to embrace this and urge it on Sadat. It wasn't the territorial concession they preferred. But they had understood its potential. (One of Begin's advisors, Shmuel Katz, resigned because he thought autonomy contained the seed of a Palestinian state. It took the Palestinians 15 years to arrive at the same insight.)

Netanyahu's proposal was a similar opening. Israel under Netanyahu is a country preparing itself psychologically to make fundamental decisions. Legislators of both main parties have been concerting informally on peace plans. Even Ariel Sharon has been saying resignedly

Mr. Rodman, an NR senior editor, is director of national-security programs at the Nixon Center.

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that the Palestinians already have a state, whatever one calls it; therefore the main issues left are its borders and some limits on its freedom of action in the security sphere.

But the procedure to which we became wedded has delayed all this. When Secretary of State Madeleine Albright spoke last August of "accelerating" the final-status discussion, it seemed a promising shift of direction—but a year later, we're still bogged down in Oslo.

We have continued to treat Netanyahu as if he were a Labour prime minister.

One excuse is the suspicion that Netanyahu doesn't really mean it. How can anyone trust a big negotiation if he's so stubborn in the small ones? But paradoxically, as described, the small ones are harder for him. There have been other Likud leaders (e.g., Yitzhak Shamir) who were decidedly uninterested in implementing their own proposals. But Netanyahu is presiding over a country that is preparing itself for the test. Netanyahu has been telling us over and over what approach is politically easier for him. Yet we have continued to treat him as if he were a Labour prime minister, trying to jam a square peg into a round hole.

I do not write this as a Likud supporter. On the contrary, I have long admired Yitzhak Rabin as the wisest leader that modern Israel has produced. Labour's understanding of the peace process is close to Washington's.

Yet Israeli voters, in their wisdom, occasionally elect Likud. In such a case, the United States, as it searches for a strategy, has three choices. 1) It can waste time for four years and try to eat up the clock (an uncharitable interpretation of what the Clinton Administration has been doing). 2) It can beat its head against the wall for four years, trying to get a Likud prime minister to behave like a Labour prime minister (which is what the Administration in fact has been doing). Or 3) it can explore openings that a Likud government might provide—as with autonomy.

The White House also misjudged the American Jewish community. Since most of its contacts in the community seem to be liberal doves, it was convinced that American Jews would back it in a public confrontation with Netanyahu. This didn't happen. American Jews are divided, just as Israelis (and other Americans) are. And a public campaign in which an American President tries to break the back of an Israeli prime minister is profoundly disturbing to most American supporters of Israel no matter what the issue in dispute.

The waste of two years' time is exhausting, but not in itself the end of the world. However, each passing day brings us closer to a new disaster—a unilateral declaration of independence (UDI) by the Palestinians.

Oslo provides that the transitional period of autonomy expires on May 4, 1999, to be replaced by a full agreement on final status. This is one of those hortatory clauses by which two parties set themselves a deadline to agree on something; it is, of course, unenforceable, and by now impossible to achieve. But Arafat has threatened to declare an independent state unilaterally on that date, as a protest at Israeli stubbornness.

This would throw the negotiations into crisis, and the U.S. should lower the boom on Arafat to ensure that he desists. It would be a repudiation of the American mediation and all its premises. The Administration's timidity on this score is hard to understand.

Probably there will be a Palestinian state at the end of the diplomacy. But the Israelis—even a Labour government—will insist on trading it for something, including demilitarization and other restraints on its foreign and security policies, as well as accord on other key issues. That is why the premature concession of the principle of a state (whether by Israelis or by interlopers like Mrs. Clinton) undermines the whole balance of the negotiation.

But it also must be made clear to the Palestinians that a UDI would backfire against them. Israel might take forceful countermeasures that would constrict if not strangle the vulnerable patches of territory on which this "state" would find itself. The Palestinians would have no chance to gain Israeli concessions on any other issues. The U.S. must make clear to Arafat that we will not stand in the way of such an Israeli reaction, and that we will do all we can to frustrate a UDI.

Even if a UDI is headed off, a final-status negotiation will take a few years, at best. It won't be a picnic. But the time is at hand when the perennial diplomatic squabbling between Israel and the Palestinians should focus on the core issues instead of meaningless interim steps. The tragedy is that it is taking so long to get there. □

Fighting Illini

Will a Buchanan Democrat become the next governor of Illinois?

JOHN J. MILLER

MARION, ILL.

As a farm boy growing up in southern Illinois, Glenn Poshard spent many summer evenings the same way. He would wade into a pond as his brother shone a flashlight from the shore at bullfrogs floating near the water's edge. "Those frogs would freeze in place, just like deer caught in headlights," says Poshard. "They never heard me coming." Sneaking up from behind, Poshard would raise his barbed spear, and gig the stunned amphibians. On a good outing, the Poshard boys would bring home about 150 frogs. Nobody in White County was a better gigger than Froggy Poshard.

Today, Rep. Glenn Poshard is the Democratic nominee for governor in Illinois. He is stalking a GOP establishment that, like the bullfrogs he hunted forty years ago, isn't quite ready to face him. He is arguably to the right of his Republican opponent, Secretary of State George Ryan, on a range of issues. Poshard is pro-life, pro-gun, and a

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deficit hawk. He has alienated the Sierra Club for putting the interests of his district's coal mines ahead of the Greens. Gay activists in Chicago hate him. His anti-NAFTA protectionism wins praise in blue-collar bungalows. A fiery stump speaker who mixes cultural conservatism and economic populism, Poshard is Pat Buchanan without the personal baggage. He is what Dick Gephardt or David Bonior would be if they hadn't bartered away their principles to the feminist Left. Poshard is a longshot against the well-liked and better-financed Ryan; his fortunes in November will suggest whether his style of politics has any future among Democrats, or whether Poshard is one of a vanishing breed.

If the 52-year-old Poshard were to let his silver hair grow a little longer and his thin mustache a bit bushier, he'd be a dead ringer for Captain Kangaroo, the 1970s children's television personality. He is a soft-spoken, churchgoing man who rarely drinks and never curses. A favorite expression of exasperation is "Good gravy!" A former high-school teacher, Poshard likes to explain his ideas and policies with chalkboard drawings. Everything about him exudes a working-class sensibility, including his tan 1990 Dodge Dynasty with 260,000 miles on it. "It's durable," explains Poshard, "nothing fancy."

But that is not to say that he is out of place in Washington, D.C., or on the campaign trail. On a walk from his congressional office to the Capitol, the five-term representative says hello to everyone from fellow congressmen to elevator operators and security officers—and he knows them all by name. Before a crowd, Poshard's ruddy complexion turns scarlet. The simple man who oozes humility at all other moments becomes a finger-pointing, fist-waving shouter. He hollers about education, social-service programs, workers' rights, and out-of-control campaign spending. "When he gives those speeches, he's like an old-time Baptist preacher," says Ralph Rivera, a veteran pro-life activist in the state. And as with the best of the preachers, Poshard has a passionate following in his southern-Illinois political base. "Anywhere south of Springfield, he's like Elvis," says Rich Miller, the publisher of an Illinois political newsletter.

Chicago and its suburbs are just now getting to know him, but his enormous popularity downstate was enough to allow the dark horse Poshard to capture his party's nomination in March, when he won a four-way primary with 38 per cent of the ballot. In forty southern counties, he earned more than 90 per cent of the vote. This region is closer to Memphis than the Windy City, geographically and culturally; the accents sound like those in North Carolina. And apart from a few years in the 1960s serving with the Army along the DMZ in Korea, Poshard has spent his entire life here.

A fiery stump speaker who mixes cultural conservatism and economic populism, Poshard is Pat Buchanan without the baggage.

No Democrat has lived in the Illinois governor's mansion since 1977. Centrist Republicans have dominated gubernatorial contests, usually by beating wealthy liberal lawyers from Chicago who would get lost if they strayed more than a few miles from Lake Shore Drive. Many Democrats in the state, including the powerful Speaker of the House, Michael Madigan, and most of the state's congressional delegation, didn't want to work again from the same losing playbook. They rallied around Poshard, who, thanks to a big push from the AFL-CIO, surged late to beat his competitors, including one favored by Chicago Mayor Richard Daley.

Ryan and the Republicans weren't expecting to face Poshard. Ryan is a long-time conservative who earned his stripes beating the Equal Rights Amendment in Illinois in 1982. Over the last few years, however, he has been running away from his past. Realizing that suburban women have made the difference in a number of recent statewide races, Ryan has tried to soften his image, to the great irritation of right-wingers. He is now unexpectedly to the left of his opponent on several important issues. Ryan allows rape and incest exceptions to his pro-life position, whereas Poshard does not. Ryan aggressively supports gun control; Poshard has a strong rating from the National Rifle Association. Ryan has also made overtures to gay activists. He asked for the endorsement of the Illinois Federation of Human Rights, the largest political organization

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for gays in the Midwest. In May, his campaign bought tickets to a Federation fundraiser and sent Ryan's handpicked liberal running-mate, Corinne Wood, to the event. Poshard has refused to meet with the group. "His voting record on gay issues is awful," complains the Federation's Rick Garcia.

Ryan has tried to pack the GOP ticket with moderates, apparently to protect himself against charges of right-wing extremism. In addition to the political novice Corinne Wood for lieutenant governor, Ryan backed pro-abortion Comptroller Loleta Didrickson against conservative State Sen. Peter Fitzgerald in the GOP Senate primary, which Fitzgerald won. Ryan's refusal to disavow tax hikes has inspired activist Jim Tobin to run as the Libertarian candidate. Tobin is a rhetorical bomb-thrower who will aim most of his ire at Ryan. This should seriously worry the GOP: in last year's New Jersey gubernatorial race, Republican Gov. Christine Whitman nearly lost because a Libertarian cut into her base.

To be sure, Poshard is no dream candidate for the Right. He has been one of the strongest supporters of big labor in Congress. He won't be an ally in the coming debate over Social Security reform, and he supports racial preferences. He keeps shifting his position on taxes and recently abandoned an education financing plan which would have raised state income taxes to pay for schools—albeit with a concurrent property tax cut. He has also proposed raising state gas taxes for road construction and upkeep. Poshard goes in for what supply-siders call "root canal" economics. "My father always used to say that if you're in debt to someone, you're enslaved to them," he explains. Still, social conservatives who are tired of having the GOP establishment in Illinois take them for granted may give Poshard a close look. "We really believe we have a choice this year," says Joe Clark of the Illinois Family Institute.

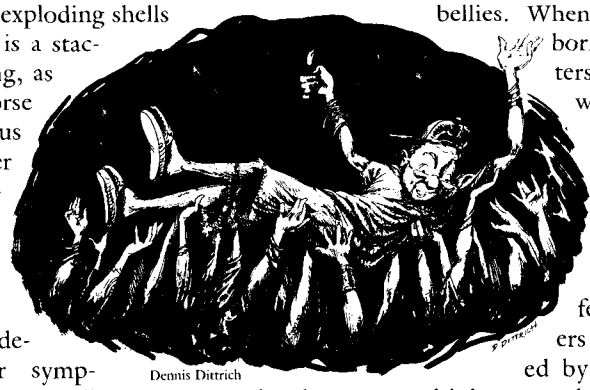
The Democratic National Committee is hungry for a big gubernatorial victory this fall. Of the ten largest states, only one (Florida) currently has a Democratic governor—and it probably will see a Republican (Jeb Bush) win in November. Apart from California, the land of Lincoln represents the last best hope for Democrats this fall. Ryan's war chest is currently several times Poshard's, but the national Democratic apparatus may well sense opportunity. If the unions spend as heavily as they can, and if liberals can resign themselves to Poshard's social conservatism, the man from Marion may have a chance to come from behind and gig Ryan. "Watch him win this in the final six weeks," says Larry Horist, a conservative political consultant in Chicago. If it happens, the Republican and the Democratic party establishments will each have had a lesson well worth learning. □

Boyz II Men

Adolescent culture is destroying the lives of boys and girls in America.

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

WHEN middle-class white boys in the South and West began showing up at schools this year with hunting rifles and methodically opening fire on their classmates, there was, strange to say, a bright side to the bloodshed. Liberals lamented the accessibility of the guns, of course. But clearly the kids involved were gripped by a spiritual malady of some kind, and a disease of the soul is like a disease of the body: when a soul or a body gets sick, the symptoms tell you where to seek a cure. Treat the symptoms of cancer and the disease will nonetheless kill its host. Just so, take away the guns, and the morbidity affecting American children will go undetected and worsen. Each eruption of exploding shells at a school is a staccato warning, as if in Morse code, for us to decipher and, if possible, act on.


Dennis Dittrich

One noteworthy effort to decode other symptoms of the same illness was completed just before the shootings began. In her new book *A Tribe Apart: A Journey into the Heart of American Adolescence* (Fawcett), a Virginia housewife and journalist may have discovered the heart of the matter.

Patricia Hersch spent five years hanging out with eight kids, ages 11 to 17 when she began, in Reston, Va., where she lives. A middle-class suburb of Washington, D.C., Reston offered the chance to observe teens at close hand: not "youths," the media code word for urban blacks, but plain old American kids. Mrs. Hersch found that in Reston the innocence of childhood has been reduced to an object of nostalgic longing.

Take sex, for instance, and lots of it. Even the kids who don't shrug off their virginity by age 13 share an amazingly blasé view of lovemaking. Says one 13-year-old girl, "When you go to a party and get drunk, you get horny. That is just what happens and you hook up with people. Most people have intercourse." At South Lakes High School, Mrs. Hersch reports, you'll always find several girls walking around with big bellies. When the babies are born, cheerful posters appear on the walls of the cafeteria: "Congratulations Sally and Andy, 6 lbs., 3 oz."

No taboos apply. By 17, few high-schoolers would be shocked by a girl's carrying on multiple sexual affairs simultaneously: "Ann thinks it is because Sallie has discovered she can have sex and not care about the person." When Sallie gets pregnant, Ann instinctively flips through the Yellow Pages to the abortionist section: "It was just like calling for a dentist appointment," she says.

These kids abuse their bodies in other ways too. Drugs and booze are consumed in volumes that would impress

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many a patient at Betty Ford or Hazelden. Some parents worry about this. Others go out for "beer runs" on party nights so that the kids won't be tempted to drive drunk—seemingly one of the few acts defined by adults as morally wrong.

The kids themselves don't really think in moral terms. The absolutes they acknowledge are limited to: 1) loyalty among friends, 2) animal rights, and 3) "caring for the environment." (The last of these is the closest your average Reston teenager comes to perceiving Transcendence in the universe. The two suicide attempts, one successful, in Mrs. Hersch's group of eight were both by kids loudly devoted to environmental causes.) From their teachers they also learn stylish clichés about "self-esteem," the need to "respect" differences, especially about not being "judgmental" of others.

A former Reston police captain tells Mrs. Hersch that before long the lack of a common moral framework will result in newspaper headlines well beyond the local suburban weeklies: "A student at South Lakes will reach into his locker and grab a loaded weapon and start firing."

By 17, few students would be shocked by a girl's carrying on multiple simultaneous sexual affairs.

What went wrong? The explanation lies in trends running together, tributary streams flowing into a powerful river.

There is the increasing prominence of single-parent households. At Reston's Langston Hughes Middle School half the kids have divorced parents. There is the related fact of working mothers. When most Reston teens get home from school in the afternoon, the empty rooms resound with echoes of liberation from motherhood. There is, finally, the growing indifference of parents to their children's curricular and extracurricular lives: only half of American parents get involved in their kids' school activities.

Children thus spend very little time with adults. Families rarely eat dinner

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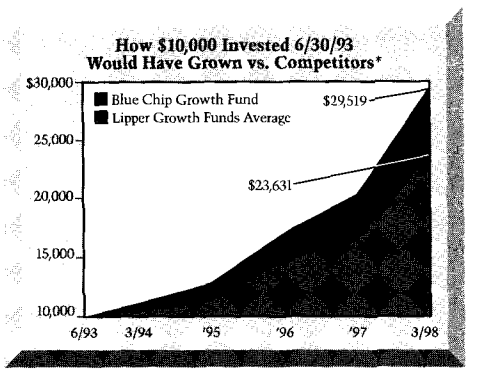

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together, or if they do it's usually a grab-what-you-can affair of cold cereal or take-out Chinese. Teens cook and clean for themselves and raise younger siblings because their parents are too busy. Rather than bounce around an empty house, some go to work just like Mom. One of Mrs. Hersch's young acquaintances explains that she never sees her folks since "they come home from work at five, and I go to work at four. . . . A lot of times [after work] I'll go out with my friends. Heidi will pick me up or my parents will drop me off somewhere directly from work. I don't get home until midnight, and then my parents are already asleep. They leave for work in the morning before I wake up."

In the absence of adults, children construct for themselves a distorted simulation of adulthood, patched together from random sources: TV, movies, their own fantasies. They become a weird mixture of child and adult. Real adulthood, on the other hand, is a tradition: patterns of behavior and attitude learned by observing real adults, who learned the same thing from other, still older adults. A tradition can be lost.

Mrs. Hersch would like to revive this one, and she is confident it can be done. The trouble is that models of adulthood have been in short supply of late.

What is "adulthood," after all? Oddly, the paisley-shrouded "men's movement" guru Robert Bly has offered a nice definition. In a word, it means "renunciation." An adult "is a person not governed by . . . the demands for immediate pleasure, comfort, and excitement." Another requisite of adulthood is accepting responsibility for the lives of others. For a man, that means getting married, supporting your wife, having children, and supporting them. Alternatively, service in wartime, where other soldiers literally depend on you for their lives, will make a man of any boy.

By either definition, in 1998 one meets lots of boys older than thirty or forty, and few men. The evidence is scattershot but pervasive. Notice the proportion of us who regularly wear shorts (impatient with adult pants in hot weather), and stuff our mouths with McDonald's food in public places like subways (too impatient to wait half an hour and eat at a table like an adult). Notice the intangible but still obvious deficit of personal gravity. Look at the actors in any film from the Forties, or some Mathew Brady photos from the Civil War. Men seemed to weigh more back then, though measured at the waistline they would be slimmer than we are. (Americans get chubbier all the time, like pre-adolescents whose baby fat hasn't burned off yet.) American adult-age males talk at a greater volume than we used to, like children, and with less reserve about vulgarities. On Manhattan streets you constantly hear them whooping and shouting: "Hey!" "Yo!" "Wassup?" "Whoo!" "Eeee!" Meanwhile substitutes for masculinity proliferate, activities vaguely recalling war or training for war but without risk: for example, the obsession with spectator sports (there are now two full-time sports cable channels and countless magazines for sports fans) or with body-building.

And these are just the relatively unquantifiable signs of stunted manhood. Others are easy to quantify: the number of dual-income families, in which the male accepts the once-embarrassing condition of being helped by his wife to feed his children (66 per cent of American households today, 33 per cent in 1967); the number of men who marry for the first time past age thirty (15.4 per cent today, 9.1 per cent in 1975). I can count on one hand—in fact one finger—the guys around my age (32) I know who have served in the military. And so on.

You've got to appreciate men wherever you find them. During the last presidential race, a colleague of mine wrote speeches for Robert Dole. One day, after beefing about his ideological differences with the candidate, he said, "But for all that, it's really refreshing to work for Dole. I'd even say it's inspiring. I mean I get to work for a guy who's obviously *a man*. These days, that's pretty rare."

Since the perversions of American adolescence afflict boys more than girls, this is a problem. (It won't be a girl pulling a hunting rifle out of that locker at South Lakes High.) Americans above and below the age of high-school graduation are merging into a single socio-cultural blob, neither child nor adult but something sad and dangerous in between. What will happen when there are no more Robert Doles left? The message encoded in the gunfire heard on school campuses may be this, not a statement but a worried question: Where are the adult males who will teach our boys to be men? □

Know Nothings

U.S. intelligence failures stem from too much information, not enough understanding.

JOHN HILLEN

OVER the past month diplomats and military officers from the U.S. and NATO have been struggling to figure out how to respond to Yugoslavia's heavy-handed repression of Albanian separatists in the province of Kosovo. They were searching for some sort of military action that would cause Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic to rein in his troops and yet not encourage the terrorist Kosovo Liberation Army in its fight for Kosovo's independence.

Mr. Hillen, an NR *contributing editor, is the Olin Fellow for National Security Studies at the Council on Foreign Relations.*

As the discussions grew frustrating, one senior official noted the sticking point. Over the past several years, NATO had learned what made Milosevic tick, but it knew little, if anything, about the KLA, its plans, leadership, methods, or supporters. "We need to do a lot more work," the official noted, to figure out who the KLA is and how it works. After all, if one is in the business of sending signals, one must be relatively sure who the party being signaled is and whether he understands the signals and rules of the game. He might, after all, be playing by different rules. But who's to know?

Similarly, who's to know what is hap-

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pening on the Indian subcontinent? The double surprise of India's nuclear tests in May brought on the usual round of CIA-bashing in Washington and in the national press. Members of Congress from both the Left and the Right, commentators of all stripes, and even some Administration officials bemoaned America's inability to predict India's brash entrance into the club of declared nuclear powers.

It was in the end, however, not a failure of the CIA, the National Reconnaissance Office, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, or the seven other federal bureaus that make up the government's intelligence apparatus. They had done what they were told, financed, and trained to do. They merely got beat in a tricky contest. As Indian nuclear researcher G. Balachandran said, "It's not a failure of the CIA. It's a matter of their intelligence being good, our deception being better."

The failure is much broader than getting one-upped in the satellite reconnaissance game. Techno-spying—done well or poorly—had little to do with America's being blindsided by other significant events such as Boris Yeltsin's sudden sacking of his entire government a few months back or Saddam Hussein's various fits of pique (from the last round right back to the 1990 invasion of Kuwait—where we saw everything but knew little). Moreover, the U.S. is unusually clueless on things it really must know, such as what stands to happen in post-Suharto Indonesia, the security of Russia's nuclear weapons (and scientists), China's intentions about virtually anything outside its borders, Japan's economic and trading strategies, or the state of the North Korean regime.

THE inability to make sense of these events reflects the composite failure of the wider quasi-governmental system that complements spy satellites and spooks. Former CIA director R. James Woolsey noted that the India surprise was not only a failure of U.S. intelligence but also a "failure of academics, of think tanks, of the press, . . . of the Congress, [and of] the executive branch as a whole."

With so many of our fellow countrymen looking, writing, analyzing, and thinking about the wider world, how do we know so little? It is a quintessentially American set of problems that has caused this dilemma. Indeed, all our powerful sources of national strength—pride, technological innovation, and organizational genius—have been twisted into weaknesses. Pride has become unenlightened hubris. (Aren't they all like us?) A national talent for innovation has turned our intelligence gatherers into chairbound technophiles. An ability to command resources and organize them in heroic efforts has created a crippling bureaucracy that rapaciously feeds on itself, produces volumes of information, and constantly misses the boat.

The failure is much broader than getting one-upped in the satellite reconnaissance game.

President Clinton, in Germany at the start of a week-long European trip, put on his best disappointed-father face when denouncing the Indian nuclear tests. "This is a deeply disappointing thing for me, personally. . . . It is just wrong." With the Bismarckian Helmut Kohl chuckling next to him, the President bemoaned India's decision to "manifest your greatness" with nuclear testing "when everybody else is trying to leave the nuclear age behind." The *New York Times* echoed his sentiments, saying that India confused "military might with self-esteem" and opined that "New Delhi is seen as swimming against history's currents."

It seems quite a surprise to the majority of American foreign-policy specialists that the rest of the world may not be winging into the twenty-first century on Windows 98, a trade deal, and an environmental pact. Even more of a surprise that some countries may not seek to guarantee their security through multilateral arms-control negotiations steered by "the haves." You could almost hear the astonished clerks in the State Department. "Didn't India get the memo that there is to be a second American century?" Smarmy State Department spokesperson Jamie Rubin said that Secretary of State Madeleine Albright found it "appalling" that Indian diplomats didn't check with her first. Apparently, Pakistan warned Ambassador to the UN Bill Richardson,

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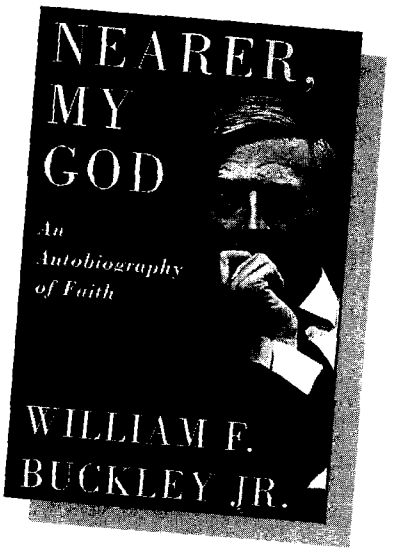

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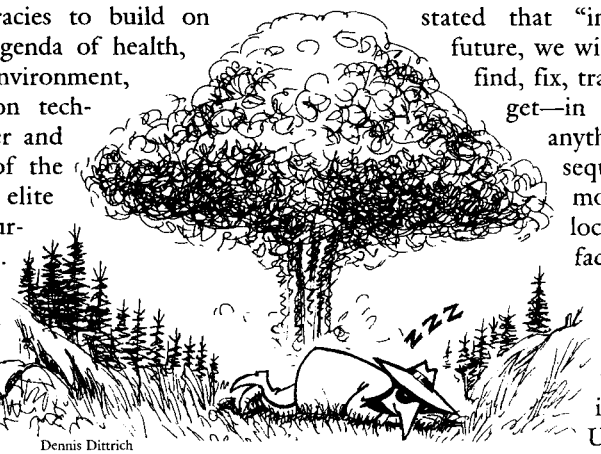
who patronizingly refused to believe that nations crossing the bridge into the twenty-first century might still act out of Thucydidean motives such as fear, honor, and interest.

According to the *New York Times*, National Security Advisor Sandy Berger met with the Indian Foreign Secretary ten days before the tests. "In his conversation, Mr. Berger raised the issue of India's nuclear weapons and ballistic missiles only peripherally, stressing instead the need for the world's two largest democracies to build on the common agenda of health, economics, environment, and information technology." Berger and the majority of the foreign-policy elite are multiculturalists writ large. Their contradictory approach to the world intimates that on the one hand we're all different but equal, so no one should force his ideas on anyone else (except that everybody should force ideas on the West because it has been on top so long). But on the other hand we're really all the same deep down inside—enlightened *New York Times Magazine* readers all. Surely all other countries will stop their macho national-interest games once they see how good it is to be like America? Hugs all around, everybody! It is this combination of arrogance and ignorance that cripples America's ability to read the cultural currents outside her borders.



Dennis Dittrich

Of the $30 billion per year the U.S. spends on intelligence, less than a 10 per cent is spent on "human intelligence." In general, this refers to the art of recruiting interesting talkers, listening to them, and working out what is important in what they said or did not say. The rest of the intelligence budget goes to feed an impressive and expensive array of high-tech sensors, spy satellites, listening devices, and the analysts and computers that digest all that is gathered. The CIA with almost 17,000 employees has only half the budget of the National Reconnaissance Office, which has fewer than 1,000 employees. And only 1 in 20 CIA staffers is in the business of looking on occasion at the people inhabiting the rest of the world. Old-fashioned spying, in the people sense of the word, is not where the action is, budgetarily or strategically.

This is nothing new. Year after year, the reports of the various intelligence oversight committees on Capitol Hill and elsewhere have criticized the overwhelming American reliance on technologically gathered intelligence data—the limits of which have been demonstrated over and over again. But the technophiles are never deterred. An official Air Force document recently stated that "in the near future, we will be able to find, fix, track, and target—in real time—anything of consequence that moves or is located on the face of the earth." During the crisis in Central Africa, in which the U.S. intervened militarily, all our high-tech devices could not locate more than one million refugees in the jungle highlands, let alone gain insights into the plans or track the movements of the various warring factions. Satellites and sensors are important—but often wrong, incomplete (monitors picked up only 1 of 5 Indian blasts), or irrelevant. A good conversation with any one of a thousand refugee workers in Rwanda or Zaire could have given a government operative half the information the U.S. needed to address the situation.

The trouble is that in a nation of some 270 million people, which has official organs of its government all over the globe, few professionals can name more than a small handful of truly insightful American observers of the human condition—people who have first-hand experience of a particular area, a well-informed historical appreciation of the political, economic, and cultural rhythms therein, a keen eye for signals, and a feel for momentum leading to events. Among those mentioned frequently is historian/journalist Robert Kaplan, whose vivid picture of places the State Department cannot understand makes him a target for the Foggy Bottom Brahmins' criticism. In places like Africa and the Balkans, he takes the bus and reads the old books; they take the limos and read the newest dispatches. No prizes given for guessing who learns more.

This sort of good human intelligence need not come from within the government itself. After all, there is something to the argument that the bureaucratic machinery of the intelligence community stifles rather than promotes creative intelligence gathering. Conservatives know that, there are twin evils in overly large and centralized bureaucracies. The more obvious evil is that they are inefficient and expensive—feeding on themselves and providing poor services. The more subtle and corrosive evil is that bureaucracies corrupt the character of the societies they seek to serve by removing certain critical tasks from various units in society and centralizing them in another.

It must be recognized that both these phenomena are as true for the intelligence community as they are for the Department of Education. As retired Navy Admiral David Jeremiah tartly noted in his recent investigation of the India/Pakistan case, the intelligence community's leadership "should have been focused on critical intelligence requirements, even at the expense of the traditional livelihood of Washington of looking at resource allocations and regulatory issues that tend to dominate our structures today." In other words, subject to the same bureaucratic imperatives as the Department of Commerce, intelligence agencies can be just as wasteful. Conservatives must come to realize that patriotism does not mean giving intelligence (and defense) a bye when it comes to reform.

THE Kosovo crisis might be resolved, and India's nuclear explosion was only one incident. However, if the U.S. in all its power cannot sense that one of the world's most transparent and penetrable countries is about to change the global nuclear equation forever, there is a problem. How will we ever learn about the intentions of Iran, North Korea, Libya, Syria, or Iraq? How can we possibly be prepared for China's rise, a Saudi secession crisis, a refugee crisis somewhere in Africa that dwarfs those of the recent past, or a war over oil in the Caucasus? Recognizing that we must learn the hard way about why people do what they do to each other would be a start. Otherwise, we are headed for a continued (and very expensive) intelligence blackout. □

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Back in the Balkans

Under the ashheap of history, hope is still smoldering.

DANIEL OLIVER

WHETHER you're a bleeding-heart liberal who thinks that all the world needs is love and plebiscitary democracy, or a hard-hearted conservative who believes that limited government is the sine qua non for freedom, a trip to Bulgaria will make you think again.

In economic performance, Bulgaria is at the bottom of the class of the former Communist countries of Eastern Europe. In 1994, the Bulgarians voted Communists back into power. The Communists postponed needed structural reforms, supported money-losing state enterprises, and slowed privatization—and that led to the postponement of an International Monetary Fund disbursement of over a half a billion dollars. Last year Bulgaria was the only Eastern European country to have negative GDP growth (–5.6 per cent).

Dilapidated Communist buildings, their facing peeling off like old paint, litter the landscape. Monuments to Communism remain, perhaps because the Bulgarians are too poor to dismantle them, perhaps also because the Russians liberated them twice, in 1878 from what they refer to as the "Turkish Yoke," and then again in 1945 from the Nazis. (Also because the Bulgarians have been negotiating with the Russians for gas and don't want to offend.)

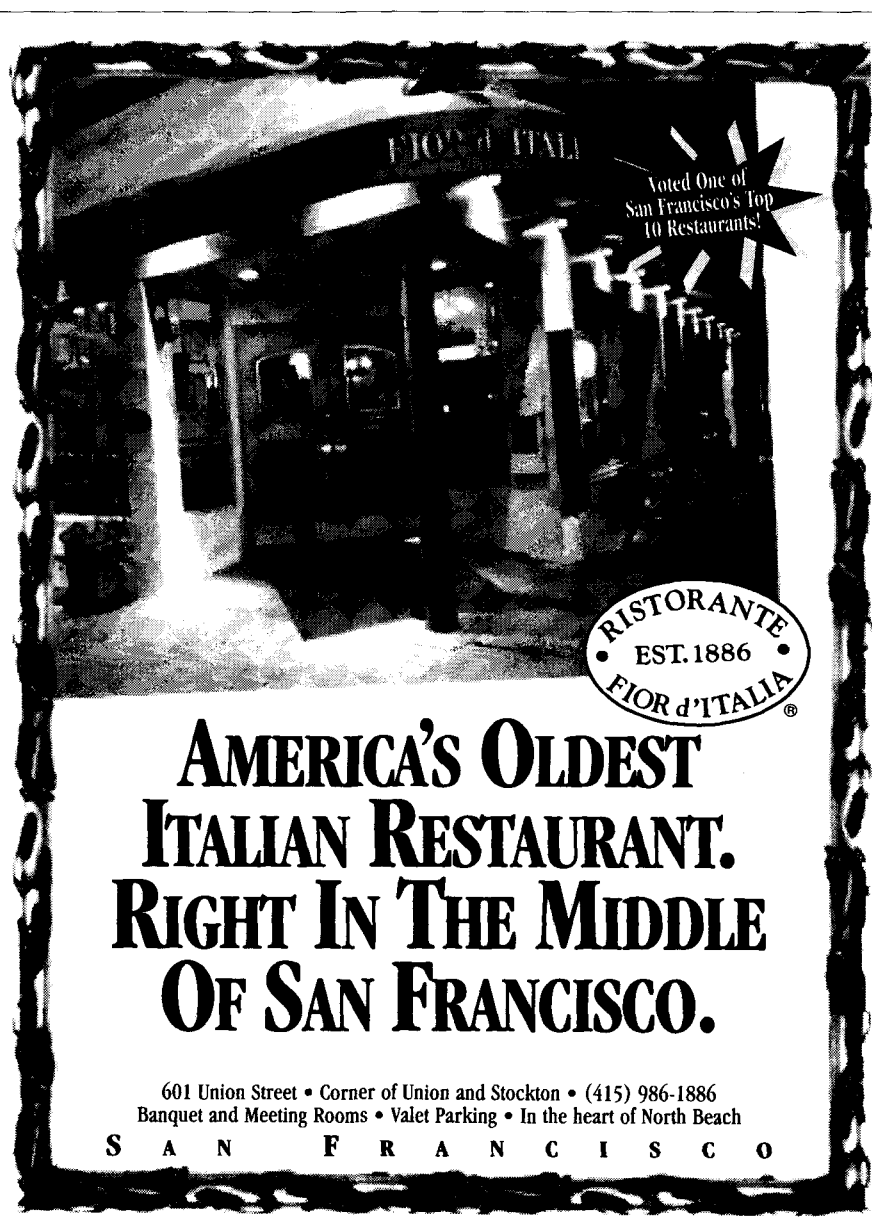
In the euphoric wall-tumbling days students in Sofia succeeded in covering the mausoleum of a hero of Communist times with graffiti. But when the Communists returned to power they cleaned it up, and it stands today, pristine, embarrassing, in a central square.

Then too, many Bulgarians are tired. Life is tough. Many people live in what they call the "jar" economy. During the summer they farm little plots of land and put up the food in jars; this is what they live on during the winter. Farm machinery is scarce. You see old men and women tilling the land by hand with hoes, guiding donkeys, carrying water from trucks to rows of crops, guarding their flocks by day.

Many are old and depend on their hard-working children to send them money. But the best and the brightest of the children—or perhaps just the swiftest—fled after the wall came down: six hundred thousand of them, almost 8 per cent of the population. The rest struggle on, with an average annual wage of $1,000 before taxes, which climb quickly to 40 per cent. Sure, it's tough getting out of a Dark Age. These things take time. But nine years is a lot of time. How much longer will they have to wait? That depends on how fast foreign investment comes to Bulgaria. And that depends on how stable the country seems. Catch 22.

Everything is for sale in Bulgaria: hotels, vineyards, mining companies, small shops—everything, even raw, undeveloped land. You can get a list on the Internet (www.geobiz.com/fia). Unfortunately, Bulgaria's integrity is also for sale: you may not be able to clinch your deal without paying 10 per cent

Mr. Oliver is the chairman of the Pacific Research Institute.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to some official. Corruption is rife, insists one American official involved in privatization. A British banker disagrees—corruption in the privatizing effort is "not that bad." And *The Economist* cautiously recommends "invest."

The American said the Bulgarians should push privatization as fast as possible notwithstanding corruption. There are two ways of looking at the fees paid to the highest officials (not counting the president, Petar Stoyanov, who everyone says is honest). The fees can be viewed simply as overhead: you'd pay 10 per cent to a property broker, why not to a pol? The important thing is to get as many businesses as possible out of the hands of the government. But the down side of bribery is that new owners may spend two to three years milking the company just to pay the bribes—and during that time the economy gets little benefit from privatization.

Bulgaria is the ash heap of history Ronald Reagan spoke about. The ash is deep, but the flowers poke through.

Politicians are not the only free riders. There are also the wrestlers—yes, wrestlers. Wrestling used to be big in Bulgaria. You see the has-beens hanging around, overfed, in dark coats and glasses—mean, probably, but with glazed eyes. They have become "enforcers" for "security" firms. Our guide said that when she first got her car she didn't "insure" it with one of the security firms. Shortly afterwards, the glass of one headlight was smashed. Then someone tried to steal the car. Now she too has a sticker.

But, we were told, the mafia is being beaten back. A law was passed forbidding insurance companies from hiring people with criminal records.

The big mafia, of course, is interested in bigger deals, like making and selling pirated CDs. The mafia was producing forty million copies a year, only one million of which were for the Bulgarians. The rest were for the Russian market. A trainload being shipped to Russia was intercepted and the illegal CDs were found hidden all over the train—in the seats, inside the walls, in the lavatories. The entire crew had been bribed. Now the ring that produced them has been put out of business.

But the biggest deal of all is gas. While we were in Sofia, Bulgaria closed a deal with Gazprom, the Russian gas company. A major mafia organization was squeezed out of the deal.

Bulgaria is the ash heap of history Ronald Reagan spoke about. The ash is deep, but, even so, the flowers poke through.

Bulgaria is a pretty country—our host insists it is more beautiful than Switzerland. In Sofia, a number of nineteenth-century buildings survived the World War II bombing, giving the city that stately European look. And the mountains, snow-capped even in May, provide good skiing in winter only 45 minutes from downtown Sofia.

The ground floors of the buildings in Sofia are mostly shops now (including Cerruti, Escada, and other international names). During the Communist days there was nothing to sell, nothing to buy, and so the ground floors were used for small apartments. Now there is color, commerce, life. There is also a "women's market" in Sofia, where fresh food is sold. In Communist days, the food was shipped to the Soviet Union.

And there has been direct foreign investment. Bulgaria claims to have one of the most liberal foreign-investment codes in Central and Eastern Europe. It allows companies to establish joint ventures, buy Bulgarian companies, make portfolio investments, and freely repatriate profits. American Standard, the plumbing concern, has built a factory in Bulgaria. Shell Oil is buying gas companies and building gas stations; in two to four years it may become a major supplier of energy to the country, which would relieve Gazprom—and its shady fellow countrymen—of its monopoly power. Total direct foreign investment in 1997 is estimated at a half a billion dollars, with U.S. companies providing about $60 million of the total.

Some of the young people we met said there was not yet a feeling among their peers that they had to pull together for Bulgaria. But new institutions—stepping stones to civilization—are springing up to change that. There are a number of homes for wayward children, an Outward Bound program, a Junior Achievement program, and a program to recognize and reward brave journalists.

The Church (Orthodox), compromised by centuries of complicity with the state, is not yet a force for reform and rehabilitation. But people are getting married in church now, and young couples are having two or three children. Under Communism most had only one.

In 1990 the American University in Bulgaria was established in Blagoevgrad (12 miles from Macedonia). AUBG, housed in the old Communist Party headquarters and accredited in the U.S. through the University of Maine, provides a Western, liberal-arts higher education. We went to the graduation ceremonies. The band played Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" while the graduating class and the faculty processed in. The ceremonies opened with the playing of the Bulgarian national anthem and "The Star-Spangled Banner." The American ambassador spoke about change. Her father, who had been U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, had spoken at her own graduation from Radcliffe about change.

During our visit to the library we checked the computer catalogue and found the complete works of Russell Kirk and William F. Buckley Jr.—ensuring that young Bulgarians can become knowledgeable in ghosts, spies, permanent things, and the tablets. The ash may be deep, but even forty years of it were not enough to smother completely the spirit of hope, the yearning for freedom, and the knowledge of what is required to build a civil society.

WHAT can the U.S. Government do? Not much. Most Americans probably haven't a clue where Bulgaria is (Sofia is 35 miles east of Serbia). In the end, Bulgaria, which has rejected Communism twice (the Communists were thrown out a second time in January of 1997), must be saved by Bulgarians. The U.S. Government sends about $30 million a year. More might be better, but that's not clear. We should "encourage" them to privatize faster, to lower their tax rates, not to tax American aid, and to keep their market free in order to attract foreign investment, essential to their growth. Bulgaria's last best hope for rebuilding a civilized society is Bulgaria. □

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Smoke-Filled Rooms

A retrospective look at the aftermath of the Great Tobacco Wars of the 1990s.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

HARD to imagine though it is from the perspective of 2008, the Senate's passage in June 1998 of an amendment to lift any liability protection from the tobacco companies went almost unnoticed. It fell into even deeper obscurity when the first tobacco bill was defeated. Yet today we teach it in schools as an event comparable to the Boston Tea Party or the firing on Fort Sumter.

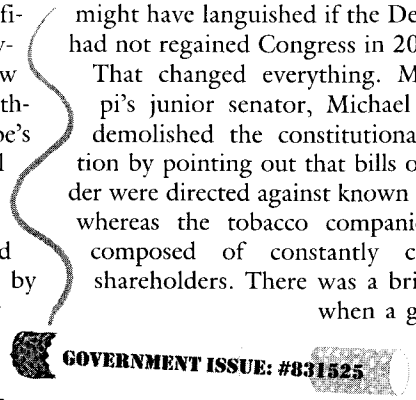
At the time conservative opponents of the amendment argued that it could drive the tobacco companies into bankruptcy. But one far-sighted law professor saw that that was its great advantage—and its potential to heal a division in the anti-tobacco coalition. On the one hand, the activists had long wanted to punish the tobacco companies; on the other, the politicians did not want to kill the geese that laid such golden fiscal eggs. How to square this circle?

Professor (now Justice) Laurence Tribe pointed out that bankruptcy could be used to compel the tobacco companies to finance social reform indefinitely—through both taxes and lawyers' fees. Others were skeptical. How could a company continue trading without funds? But the beauty of Tribe's legal insight was that one social advance led directly to the next.

The Corporate Partnership (Extension) Act, fashioned by Tribe and piloted through the 2002 Congress by Speaker Frank and Senate Majority Leader Wellstone, dealt with the problem by the simple step of abolishing the principle of limited liability in the tobacco industry. Its shareholders were made liable for all its debts, including punitive fines, to the full extent of their private fortunes. The law did not expropriate such fortunes outright, since that would have involved a measure of injustice by treating all shareholders equally; instead it imposed an annual capital levy—graduated according to income and with certain exemptions (e.g., union pension funds).

Surprisingly, this ingenious solution did not carry the day when first introduced in 2001. A constitutional objection was that the CPEA was a bill of attainder and so forbidden by the Constitution. Since Congress was controlled by Republicans, some of whom had a dogmatic commitment to the words of a written constitution, this objection was treated seriously. But Rep. Deborah Pryce (whom Speaker Gingrich had appointed to fashion the GOP policy on tobacco before he resigned to run for the presidency of Pepperdine) united most Republicans around a more thoughtful approach. Her argument was that bills of attainder, though clearly dubious when employed by a despotic monarch like George III, lost their taint when a democratic government used them against "substance pedophiles." The Souter Court has since built a substantial body of case law on Rep. Pryce's "legal criminals" insight, but at the time it was controversial among constitutional hard-liners. The CPEA might have languished if the Democrats had not regained Congress in 2002.

That changed everything. Mississippi's junior senator, Michael Moore, demolished the constitutional objection by pointing out that bills of attainder were directed against known persons, whereas the tobacco companies were composed of constantly changing shareholders. There was a brief hitch when a group of shareholders challenged this claim by arguing that since the bill's first publication, trading in tobacco shares had ground to a halt. But the objection was withdrawn when Attorney General Clinton had several tobacco executives and shareholders arrested for "insider non-trading." A 5 to 4 Supreme Court decision agreed that the CPEA passed constitutional muster, Justice Hatch providing the swing vote.



In retrospect, reformers can claim considerable success. The tobacco companies ceased manufacturing, distributing, and selling cigarettes. They became financial intermediaries between certain classes of their shareholders, plaintiffs, lawyers, and the government.

Nor is tobacco a legal substance. Campaigns by the anti-smoking activists, financed from the tobacco levy, achieved outright prohibition across the U.S., beginning in California, Massachusetts, Puerto Rico, and Barry-land.

Initially, this created problems as governments lost major tobacco tax revenue. Also, states like Florida, with numerous retirees, and federal programs like Medicare encountered the "geriatric crisis" as demand for supplemental retirement income, long-term residential care, and life-support medical technology all rose faster than predicted.

To deal with these fiscal pressures, and to meet civil-rights concerns over the plight of the "coercively addicted," former Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan (now the Ambrose Bierce Professor for Social Policy at Chicago) drew on his early experience as ambassador to India where "dry" states allowed visitors to register as alcoholics in order to consume alcohol. He proposed a similar humanitarian exception to American anti-nicotine laws—and today slightly over half the adult U.S. population consists of registered nicotine addicts. As well as relieving fiscal pressures, this had the unexpected but welcome effect of significantly reducing social discrimination against all classes of addicts (crack, cocaine, heroin, etc.) by removing any stigma from the concept of addiction. It is too early to say if this will produce other social changes over time.

In only one respect must anti-tobacco reformers confess disappointment. The incidence of smoking has not declined. Indeed, it has increased slightly, stimulated by the low prices that official tobacco shops have been forced to concede by black-market competition (fueled, regrettably, by those tobacco-producing countries like China that have not signed the International Tobacco Control Convention and ignore its requirement to sell only to government distributive monopolies at the fixed "disincentive price.")

Otherwise, the anti-tobacco campaign has been a model of beneficial government intervention. No Americans now benefit from this grisly trade in death except the government. □

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Lip Service

President Clinton swore an oath to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution. He didn't mean it.

DANIEL E. TROY

IT'S normal for a President under siege to call scandal a "diversion," but Bill Clinton is the first President whose scandals are diversions from his other scandals. His critics are so focused on his lawlessness in his personal capacity that they may have lost sight of a far worse scandal: his subversion of the Constitution on matters of policy. The firings at the Travel Office, the abuse of FBI files, even the subornation of perjury and the obstruction of justice all pale beside this President's consistent refusal to obey constitutional requirements in at least five respects.

1. *Defying the Supreme Court.* Clinton claims that his Administration has performed a top-to-bottom review of its affirmative-action programs to conform with the Supreme Court's decision in *Adarand Constructors* v. *Peña* (1995). In fact, he is refusing to comply with binding precedent.

In *Adarand*, the Court held that racial preferences must satisfy "the strictest judicial scrutiny." A racial classification, the Court said, will "seldom provide a relevant basis for disparate treatment." Last month, the White House issued Mr. Clinton's announcement of a new policy, which the President claimed was designed to conform to *Adarand*. In the press release itself, however, the White House bragged that racial preferences would continue to be employed in industries representing 75 per cent of the Federal Government's expenditures on procurement contracts with small businesses. In common parlance, three-fourths of the time is not "seldom."

Mr. Clinton's new policy presumes that all businesses owned by American Indians or by black, Hispanic, or Asian Americans are disadvantaged. Anyone else who wants to be considered disadvantaged has to persuade the Small Business Administration. In any industry where these "disadvantaged" businesses are not getting the "right" percentage of contracts, their bids will be treated as if they were 10 per cent lower than they actually are.

This approach is far from the kind of individuated inquiry into whether particular persons or entities have been subjected to discrimination that the Supreme Court demands before it will allow the government to use racial classifications. By adopting this policy, President Clinton is willfully refusing to follow the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution.

Now, there is a principled argument that a President may, in extraordinary circumstances, adopt a different view of the Constitution from that of the Supreme Court. Then–Attorney General Edwin Meese made this point during the Reagan Administration, only to be attacked by the *New York Times* for "making a calculated assault on the idea of law in this country." Bill Clinton has not taken the Meese position. Instead, he has flouted a ruling he claims to acknowledge as binding law. (No word yet from the *New York Times* on this "assault on the idea of law.")

Bill Clinton by Roman Genn

2. *Violating the Vacancies Act.* In 1868, the Senate passed the Vacancies Act to protect its constitutional power to review and/or approve presidential appointments. The act limits to 120 days the time an official in an Executive Branch post that is subject to Senate confirmation may fill that office in an "acting" capacity—i.e., without Senate approval. If the President submits a nomination to the Senate within four months of the person's being put into the position on an "acting" basis, then the nominee may remain in the job through the confirmation hearings. If the Senate rejects the nominee, however, then he or she may stay in office only for another 120 days from the date of the Senate action (or from the date of the nominee's withdrawal).

President Clinton routinely refuses to bring his nominees before the Senate, mainly because many of them are too extreme to be confirmed. As *National Journal* recently reported, "*each department* in the Clinton Administration has had at least one temporary officer who served more than 120 days before the President submitted the nominee to the Senate. Of the 64 acting officials tallied up by the Congressional Research Service in late February, 43 had served beyond the 120-day limit" (emphasis added). Particularly egregious was President Clinton's appointment of Bill Lann Lee as "act-

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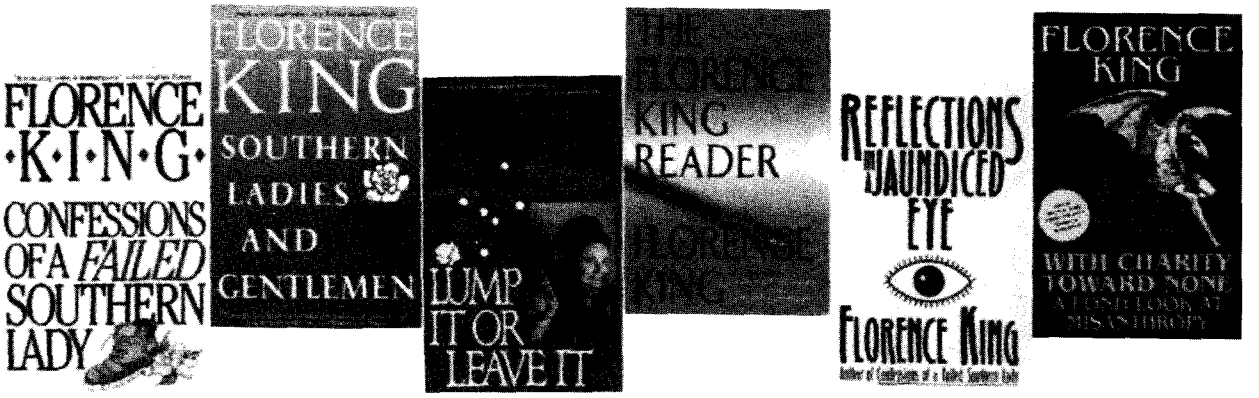
ALL THE KING'S BOOKS



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ing" assistant attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division in the face of the Senate Judiciary Committee's blocking his nomination.

Clinton's refusal to comply with the Vacancies Act is no mere technicality. It is a direct challenge to the Senate's constitutionally assigned role in the appointment process. The Constitution's Appointments Clause empowers the President to "nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, . . . appoint . . . Officers of the United States." If key Executive Branch officials could serve on an acting basis indefinitely, they would never need to seek Senate confirmation. As Sen. Robert Byrd (D., W.Va.) has said, "It is time for this institution to state in no uncertain terms that no agency—none, not even the Justice Department—will be permitted to circumvent the Vacancies Act or any other act designed to safeguard our constitutional duties."

3. *Usurping the Senate's Treaty Power.* Another of the Senate's constitutional duties is the ratification of treaties. Article II of the Constitution expressly provides that the President "shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Thus, the treaty-making power is explicitly a shared power.

Here again, President Clinton has failed to respect the constitutional prerogatives of another branch of government. Consider the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty with the Soviet Union, which has been legally void since the USSR fell apart in 1991 (see "Live Missiles and Dead Letters," below).

Since this agreement was important enough to require Senate approval in 1972, it would seem that its reimposition would also require Senate approval. In case there were any doubt, the Senate in May of 1997 required that the President submit for its advice and consent any new agreement either changing the geographical scope of or increasing the number of parties to the ABM Treaty.

Nevertheless, President Clinton is unilaterally implementing the ABM's provisions vis-à-vis four states of the former Soviet Union. What is more, he has given a bureaucrat, Stanley Riveles, a position that under the obsolete treaty required Senate confirmation, and charged him with making the new agreements binding. Information exchanges required by this unratified treaty have occurred; a review mandated by the original ABM Treaty, which the Administration claims is still in force, has been postponed; and Riveles has signed international agreements without Senate confirmation.

Clinton's approach to the ABM Treaty raises justifiable fears that he will also unilaterally implement the Kyoto global warming pact, despite a 95 to 0 non-binding Senate vote against it in its current form.

Live Missiles and Dead Letters

WITH missile threats proliferating, the issue of national missile defense, which has divided Republicans from Democrats for 15 years, is heating up. India and Pakistan have tested nuclear weapons; Iran, Iraq, China, and North Korea have nuclear and missile programs; and Russia's control over its own nuclear arsenal is deteriorating. Consequently, congressional support is growing for prompt deployment of defenses against ballistic missiles.

The Clinton Administration is blocking any such move, insisting that the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty of 1972 forbids it. But the United States made that treaty with the Soviet Union, which became extinct in 1991—and the President is having a hard time explaining how the treaty survived that demise. In fact, for political reasons the Administration prefers to cast its opposition to missile defense as a treaty obligation rather than as a policy choice.

Last year, the Administration signed accords with Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, and Kazakhstan to bind these former Soviet republics to a treaty arrangement along the lines of the ABM Treaty. President Clinton promised to ask for the Senate's advice and consent on these so-called multilateralization accords. If he does so, the Senate will have to face the question: Are these accords a minor amendment adding new parties to an existing treaty, as Mr. Clinton would have it? Or are they a new treaty, prohibiting defenses that are now legal? Are they, in other words, the ABM Treaty of 1998?

The Administration has no interest in dispelling the fog surrounding this issue. The State Department's annual publication *Treaties in Force* continues to list the ABM Treaty as a two-party accord and to designate the other party as the "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

Rep. Benjamin Gilman (R., N.Y.), chairman of the House International Affairs Committee, has worked admirably to clarify the picture. Last year, he wrote President Clinton to ask who the other party to the treaty now is. In his reply to Rep. Gilman, on November 21, 1997, President Clinton wrote that succession arrangements are currently "unsettled." The Constitution, he implied, precludes the recognition of either Russia alone or all the newly independent states (NIS) together as a substitute for the Soviet Union: "Neither a simple recognition of Russia as the sole ABM successor (which would have ignored several former Soviet states with significant ABM interests) nor a simple recognition of all NIS states as full ABM successors would have preserved fully the original purpose and substance of the Treaty, as approved by the Senate in 1972." The President said that if the Senate were to reject the multilateralization accords, "succession arrangements will simply remain unsettled," but the "ABM Treaty itself would clearly remain in force." Clearly?

GILMAN pressed President Clinton in a follow-up letter. If the Administration cannot now in 1998 identify any country in addition to

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4. *Manipulating the Census.* The Constitution requires that an "actual enumeration" of the nation's population be undertaken every ten years so that seats in the House of Representatives may be apportioned. Indeed, for the last two hundred years, Census Bureau agents have fanned out to count every person in America they could find. However, as John J. Miller reported ["Numbers Crunch," *NR*, July 20] statisticians and the Clinton Administration don't much like the idea of an "actual enumeration." They claim that they can provide a more accurate count—especially of minorities—by estimating the total population on the basis of a random sample. As Clinton has explained, this is roughly the same process that is used in taking polls, although with a bigger sample.

Statisticians and the Clinton Administration don't much like the idea of an 'actual enumeration.'

Leave aside the political risk to Republicans from the potential manipulation of census figures. The use of sampling clearly conflicts with the constitutional requirement of an "actual enumeration." Why else would the word "actual" be used except to safeguard against precisely this sort of political skewing of the census? It cannot be a safeguard, however, against an Administration that refuses to view the Constitution as a legal constraint.

5. *Undercutting Executive Branch Accountability.* President Clinton has not limited his constitutional transgressions to the arrogation of power from other branches. Many scholars believe that this President has deeply wounded the institution of the Presidency itself.

He has repeatedly invoked novel and frivolous constitutional privileges, sure to be knocked down in court, as a delaying tactic against Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr and other investigators. But he has also, absurdly, maintained that he has nothing to do with these invocations of privilege. So, for instance, Clinton claims that he doesn't know what privileges White House lawyers have asserted. The Treasury Department, not he, has asserted a "protective-function privilege" blocking Secret Service testimony.

Worse than his rhetoric is the fact that, more than ever before, different parts of the Executive Branch have been permitted to take different positions in litigation. The Justice Department takes a narrower view of the attorney–client privilege (as applied to government lawyers) than the White House does.

All of this undercuts the notion of the unitary Executive—the idea that the Executive speaks with one voice.

the United States that is bound by the treaty, he wrote, then Congress would have to conclude that the treaty is no longer in force. Mr. Clinton's response: "The United States and Russia clearly are Parties to the Treaty" (letter of May 21, 1998). Mr. Clinton did not even try to reconcile this assertion with his November 21 declaration that the succession is unsettled and that U.S. recognition of Russia as sole successor would not fulfill the treaty's Senate-approved purposes.

Administration officials point out that the field of treaty succession is characterized by inconsistency of state practices and a lack of consensus regarding legal principles. In general, that is true. But there is broad agreement among legal scholars regarding the particular area of two-party treaties that are "personal" or "political" in nature: When a party to such a bilateral treaty ceases to exist, that treaty is extinguished.

This international legal principle is analogous to a venerable principle of the common law of contracts: If John Smith contracted with Luciano Pavarotti to sing at Mr. Smith's wedding, and Mr. Pavarotti died before the event, no executor or successor could claim the right to sing at the wedding and receive the fee. Because it is personal in nature, such a contract terminates when Mr. Pavarotti dies.

In the preeminent modern commentary, *State Succession in Municipal Law and International Law*, Professor D. P. O'Connell writes, "There has been, at least since the late nineteenth century, almost unanimous agreement that personal treaties of a totally extinguished State expire with it because they are contracted with a view to some immediate advantage, and their operation is conditional on the nice adjustment of the political and economic relations which they presuppose. When this adjustment is upset the rationale of the treaty is destroyed."

The ABM Treaty of 1972 is the quintessential "personal" or "political" treaty. The United States entered into it with a specific potential adversary that had a specific character, specific resources and capabilities, and a specific relationship to the United States. It did not enter the treaty with "whom it may concern." It did not enter into it as an indestructible commitment: each party had the right to withdraw from the agreement upon six months' notice. International law does not assume that such a treaty's aims can be fulfilled, in the event of one party's extinction, by whatever state or states may happen to arise on the dead party's territory.

Furthermore, the newly independent states that arose on the USSR's territory jointly declared at Minsk on December 8, 1991, that none of them preserved the legal personality of the Soviet Union, which "as a subject of international law and geopolitical reality no longer exists." The U.S. Government promptly thereafter acknowledged that the Soviet Union had dissolved.

TO be sure, the U.S. Government could draw upon the ABM Treaty's terms for a new agreement with another state—Russia, for example. But any such new treaty can come into force under the U.S. Constitution only if the Senate approves ratification.

President Clinton has not yet submitted the new ABM multilateralization accords to the Senate. But as recognition spreads that the President is adhering to the ban on missile defenses not as a legal obligation but as a policy choice, prospects dim for the accords' getting the necessary 67 Senate votes for ratification. Once treaty issues are out of the picture, Congress must address the heart of the matter: Should our government preserve or end the nation's vulnerability to ballistic missiles?

—DOUGLAS J. FEITH

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This constitutional norm arises from the vesting of "the executive power" of the United States in the President alone. The idea of the unitary Executive is to promote democratic accountability—precisely what Clinton seeks to avoid.

President Clinton has been personally involved in all these transgressions. He announced the new affirmative-action policy. He decided to appoint Bill Lann Lee against the Senate's wishes. He is responsible for the ABM end-run around the Senate. He has publicly defended the use of sampling in conducting the census. At the least, his personal peccadilloes directly led to the Treasury/Justice/White House confusion. Clinton must be held to account for these constitutional violations.

Apparently, President Clinton is betting that We the People have become so blasé about his lawless personal behavior that we will ignore actions that, in other Administrations, would have led to angry editorials, congressional investigations, and calls for impeachment. Having lost our capacity for outrage, we stand by and watch as President Clinton subverts the Constitution and corrupts our legal system in unprecedented ways. If only to preserve its assigned role in our constitutional system, Congress had better fight back. □

Polluted Agency

BONNER R. COHEN

ON June 10, 1998, an unprecedented public revolt broke out at the nation's most powerful regulatory agency. In a letter to the *Washington Times*, more than a dozen career employees of the Environmental Protection Agency decried "egregious misconduct" at the agency, explaining that the situation had become "so reprehensible that we submit this letter, risking our careers rather than choosing to remain silent."

According to the signatories, EPA employees "are harassed, even fired, for protesting illegal or irresponsible behavior by managers who jeopardize the proper enforcement of the law." At the EPA, "retaliation against whistleblowers occurs at every management level. At times, it involves the highest levels of administration—including the offices of regional administrators and the office of Administrator Carol Browner."

That career civil servants would take the extraordinary step of going public with allegations of such an explosive nature speaks volumes about conditions prevailing at the EPA. A report I wrote in May for the National Wilderness Institute in Alexandria, Virginia—"The People vs. Carol Browner: EPA on Trial"—uncovered a widespread and worsening pattern of just the sort of abuses the letter-writers complained about (in fact, the coverage of my report in the *Times* prompted their letter).

Mr. Cohen is editor of EPA Watch. *He also serves as managing editor for* Environment News *and is Washington correspondent for* Earth Times.

EPA Administrator Carol Browner—with the enthusiastic backing of her patron, Vice President Al Gore—has molded the EPA into an instrument of environmental zealotry that knows no legal or ethical bounds. Miss Browner's EPA works to silence internal dissent, defy Congress, trample on states and localities, and cover up its own wrongdoing. The EPA stands out as the most lawless—and ruthless—agency in an Administration that specializes in bureaucratic aggrandizement.

Science, which in theory should underlie all environmental regulation, has long been a ticklish matter for the EPA. In 1992, the agency's own Science Advisory Board noted that the "EPA does not always scientifically evaluate the impact of its regulations." The agency, according to the SAB, often pays inadequate attention to peer review and quality assurance, "leaving EPA initiatives on shaky scientific ground and affecting the credibility of the agency."

Miss Browner—who issued rules on ozone and particulate matter last year even though a host of scientists said her action had no scientific basis—fits the pattern. In 1996, EPA research microbiologist David Lewis concluded that the use of science had deteriorated so much under Miss Browner that he sent letters to the EPA administrator and to Vice President Gore, drawing their attention to the situation. Receiving no response, Lewis, a 27-year veteran of the agency, went public with an article in the highly respected British journal *Nature*.

In that article, "EPA Science: Casualty of Election Politics," Lewis wrote that the EPA had "an irrational approach" to protecting the environment, one that gave a higher priority to issuing regulations than to developing the underlying science. In another piece in a Georgia newspaper, Lewis alleged that the science behind the EPA's wastewater toxicity tests—based on water-flea reproduction, and the backbone of the agency's Clean Water Act enforcement program—was totally unreliable. Independent studies have since verified his assertions, and the EPA no longer recommends the test.

Meanwhile, high-level EPA officials hit Lewis with a slew of trumped-up ethics violations. He was, among other things, accused of violating EPA rules requiring disclaimers on his articles explaining that his views do not necessarily represent EPA policy. Lewis filed a whistleblower's complaint with the Labor Department, which not only ruled in his favor but also concluded that the EPA officials had violated six federal statutes in harassing him.

The Lewis case is typical. One of Carol Browner's "reforms" involved the reorganization of the Office of Research and Development, which is charged with supplying the agency with scientific information on which to base its regulatory policy. But instead of making it easier for the ORD to police the EPA's science, Miss Browner's plan just added to the red tape. It went so far as to issue minute instructions on the writing of memos, including everything from the number of spaces around different headings to what sizes and fonts of type to use.

While Miss Browner was vowing to punish severely anyone not following all the agency's rules to the letter, EPA Inspector General John Martin (now retired) rewrote performance standards for Office of Inspector General investi-

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gators, requiring a high number of prosecutions in order to to maintain a satisfactory rating. What resulted was a bureaucracy feasting on itself, as IG investigators sought prosecutions to save their jobs, and found their victims mostly among EPA lab scientists, who were inconvenient to the EPA brass in the first place.

EPA scientists in Florida, Minnesota, Georgia, Rhode Island, and elsewhere were subjected to such harassment. Investigators would threaten long jail terms, try to bully employees into wearing listening devices, and show up late at night unannounced at the homes of employees, all ostensibly in the cause of rooting out corrupt contracting practices. In the Minnesota case, which was typical, three prosecutions were tossed out by federal administrative-law judges, who chastised the OIG for carrying out the investigations in bad faith.

If the EPA knows no bounds to politicizing science, it also fights at every turn to slip the reins of the GOP Congress:

—On March 15, 1995, Rosemarie Russo, director of the EPA's research lab in Athens, Georgia, received a phone call from the agency's Washington headquarters. The caller, Acting Assistant Administrator for Research and Development Gary Foley, asked if anyone on her staff had good connections with members of Congress. Prompting the call was a vote scheduled for that afternoon in the House of Representatives on a bill sponsored by Rep. Cliff Stearns (R., Fla.) that would cut the EPA's budget. Foley explained that EPA employees were—apparently at the direction of Carol Browner—being asked to help persuade lawmakers to vote against the bill. The Anti-Lobbying Act of 1940 strictly prohibits Executive Branch employees from engaging is such lobbying.

—Less than a year later, the EPA undertook another effort to get around the Anti-Lobbying Act. A memorandum on January 19, 1996, from the EPA's Office of Enforcement and Compliance, suggested using an EPA-funded "environmental awareness" newsletter put out by the National Parent–Teachers Association in its funding battle with Capitol Hill. "The PTA could become a major ally for the Agency in preventing Congress from slashing our budget, but their voices need to be heard," the memo says.

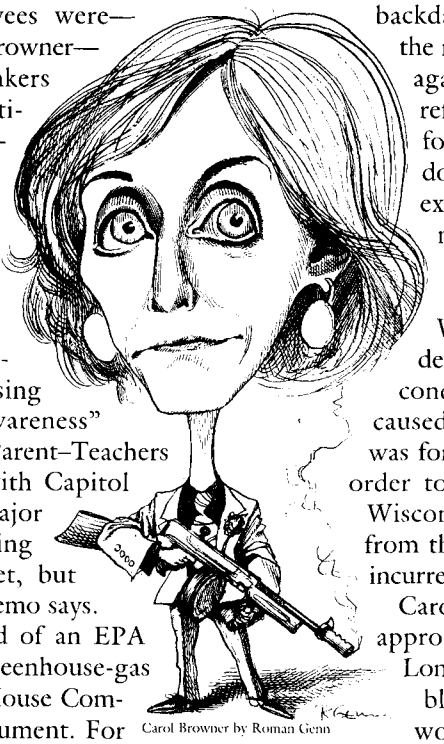
—In 1994, Republicans got wind of an EPA memo outlining ways to reduce greenhouse-gas emissions. In January of 1995, the House Commerce Committee requested the document. For 23 months the EPA refused to hand it over. It wasn't until November of 1996 that the EPA produced the document, which suggested 39 different taxes and fees the Administration could impose, all without congressional approval.

Miss Browner's EPA hasn't been any more respectful of the prerogatives of local political entities. Since 1988, an advisory council of representatives from local and state governments had been managing the effort to clean up the Chesapeake Bay. EPA funds were funneled through this council, which ensured local accountability. But then, against the wishes of the council and (according to internal documents) with the connivance of high-level EPA officials, a mayor involved in the council and its staff director secretly formed a new non-profit entity called the Center for Chesapeake Communities.

Before the new group had even obtained 501(c)(3) status, the EPA had committed $45,000 to its start-up. Next came a $200,000 grant that had previously gone to the council. Then came a portion of another $750,000 grant. Just like that, and against the express wishes of representatives of state and local governments, the EPA had created its own puppet so that it could conduct Chesapeake Bay policy as it pleased. Officials from Virginia are especially outraged; they are pursuing the matter with congressional investigators.

Stories like these are all too common with the EPA. In January 1996, an EPA regional administrator approved an application from the Oneida Nation to obtain regulatory authority over the waters around its reservation near Green Bay, Wisconsin. The state of Wisconsin sued to reverse the decision, pointing out that 85 per cent of the affected land was owned by people who weren't members of the tribe. When an EPA program manager reviewed the case, he discovered that the EPA had failed to make any factual findings whatsoever on several key issues.

No problem. At the end of May, two EPA employees created the missing document on an agency computer, backdated it to January 1996 and inserted it into the record. The program manager tried again and again to get his superiors to take action. They refused. Finally, by January of 1997, attorneys for the state of Wisconsin were questioning the document's authenticity. The EPA stood by it, explaining it had no way to prove the document's pedigree one way or another, although e-mail easily retrieved from EPA computers in May of 1997 gave proof of the backdating. Wisconsin governor Tommy Thompson demanded an apology for the EPA's "abhorrent conduct and the great cost and harm it has caused." He didn't get an apology. But the EPA was forced to reverse its Oneida Nation decision in order to have the lawsuit dismissed. The state of Wisconsin has been awarded more than $105,000 from the EPA for attorney fees and other expenses incurred as a result of the EPA misconduct.


Carol Browner by Roman Genn

Carol Browner is by no means signaling her disapproval of such bureaucratic hardball. Henry Longest, the EPA official who requested whistleblower David Lewis's personnel file and worked to build the trumped-up ethics case against him, was recently named acting assistant administrator. Thomas Clark, who misinformed Lewis's superiors that the EPA scientist had violated laws, was subsequently named acting deputy assistant administrator for management. Another official who denied Lewis a promotion has now been named acting deputy assistant administrator for science. All obviously have what it takes to succeed at Carol Browner's EPA. □

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The Fire Last Time

War, riots, assassins, hippies, drugs, George Wallace, 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,' say aging radicals. 'It was the worst of times,' say conservatives. Thirty years after 1968, take *NR*'s guided tour of the madhouse.

Michael Novak

THE term "the Sixties" in the way it is now used wouldn't have made much sense to me at Harvard in 1960–65. What impressed me then was the triumph of liberalism in the smooth, knowing, professional style of Americans for Democratic Action. Harvard and Yale men seemed to be all over the government, and everything seemed quite rational and measurable. "Managerial liberalism," it later came to be called. Short haircuts were de rigueur, along with a certain athleticism and a brisk can-do attitude. That was the first half of the Sixties.

I didn't meet the Sixties in something like the current sense until after my wife and I had driven across the country in a Plymouth Fury station wagon, given to us by her father as a wedding present. In its wisdom, Stanford had hired me as a new assistant professor. Left-leaning as I was, I learned with some bemusement that, the year before, a student poll had shown Goldwater carrying Stanford handsomely. When Berkeley erupted in "student rebellion," everybody I knew thought, "There goes Berserkeley again." I don't recall anybody thinking this really meant a trend.

To the best of my memory, it was the student-body election of 1966 that first introduced Stanford to "radical politics." A former Goldwaterite, an impressive young man from "downhome America," David Harris (who later married Joan Baez) combined soft-spoken moral earnestness and an entirely new notion of spiritual reform and political awakening. From the moment he became student-body president, Stanford was in the throes of "remaking" itself "from the bottom up."

Unlike later contestations at Cornell and Columbia, Stanford's "revolution" was mild and rather sweet-tempered—for a while. At first, the antiwar movement was hardly in sight; in fact, the war itself was only then beginning to escalate. Before long, however, young men were becoming restless, even frightened, about the draft. In the manner of *The Graduate*, the first wave of baby-boomers, coddled by fathers returned from the War, were beginning simultaneously to mock the predictability of prosperous peacetime careers and dread the unpredictability of war. Young women, too, were suddenly more accommodating than young women had been in at least two generations.

This period of "innocence" lasted barely two years. The image of romantic, nomadic flower children dominated the West Coast scene, even though coming up fast were the angry, violent circles of radical politics. Much too common was a kind of inner nihilism whose secret wish was, not to reform things, but to bring everything crashing down. The yen for self-destruction was sometimes so strong that you could almost touch it. Not a few people from those times never made it through their twenties.

By late 1968, all this pent-up passion had exploded. These last two years, alas, gave the entire decade its name and reputation. Another oddity: the number of students who ever demonstrated or marched or could by any public act have been taken to be "radical" or "hippie" never exceeded 2 per cent. Polling data show that young people 18 to 29 were more conservative than their elders (George Wallace consistently did disproportionately well among the young). I sometimes found myself telling radicals, "When you say 'Power to the people!' you may one day be surprised when they take you up on it."

Late in 1968, my wife and I, now with two kids in our station wagon, drove back East for a new job at Old Westbury, the experimental campus of the State University of New York. In an election-year poll of ninety students, all considered "electoral politics" a fraud and were refusing to vote—except for one. He was supporting Gene McCarthy. From Stanford, where an intelligent and effective minority of radicals seemed to me (with insufficient cynicism) like leaven in the dough, we had come to a place where there was leaven in excess—light stuff, bitter, unfit for making bread. We got a direct, unmediated dose of leftism. For me, it was an inoculation once and forever afterward.

The first steps of leftward-leaning rhetoric are clever, general, hard to disagree with. Accept them, though, and the descent begins immediately. At Old Westbury, resolu-

Mr. Novak's newest book, with his daughter Jana Novak, is Tell Me Why.

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tions against "oppression" would be followed, hours later, by demands that all bathrooms be treated as coeducational. Naturally, sleeping arrangements were to be similarly "liberated." "Paranoia is true perception" was a favorite poster, and a visiting psychologist, observing our everyday transactions, found many signs of sanity and insanity oddly reversed. A few people prospered under such a regime.

Some of us rebelled against it and set up a tiny "Disciplines College" in order to carry forward classical currents of intellectual and moral discipline. We were seen as reactionaries, racists, and (the unkindest cut of all) conservatives. In a clinical way, this emotional response interested me. I had never been so left-wing in my life as I was then—not before, not since. It didn't matter. I wasn't left enough. I ran headfirst into an amateurish totalitarianism, an insistence on correct thinking, a need to stigmatize and excommunicate dissenters, which has today gone national.

Resolutions against 'oppression' would be followed, hours later, by demands that all bathrooms be treated as coeducational.

By 1972 I had had my fill of the radical Left.

Still, I want to give some credit where credit is due. I had not been happy with the Old Left, either—with the arrogance of pragmatism, secularism, and the managerial style. It is not hard to see the tremendous damage done to our institutions by the Sixties. But it is important also to see that what went before the Sixties was not exactly built on solid, good, and true foundations.

The whole thing taught us a tragic sense—those it didn't simply embitter, or place under a seemingly permanent delusion of moral superiority. □

Robert H. Bork

NINETEEN sixty-eight was the signature year of the Sixties' amorphous rebellions. It is not a year whose passions I am able to recall in tranquillity. Those who remember it as a time of high idealism may write poetic prose about it. I cannot. The United States suffered less than France, and Yale less than many universities. Still, I was in the wrong place and the wrong kind of person to be in that year of the student locusts. I was, that is, in the academic world and one who, up until then, took seriously that world's pretense of devotion to the intellectual life rigorously pursued.

The first of the radical swarm entered the Yale law school in the fall of 1967. In our innocence (there are few communities more willfully naïve than an academic one) we thought moral cretins with high aptitude scores were an anomaly. The disciplines of the law and of the classroom would civilize them. We could not have been more wrong. Instead, they decivilized and demoralized us. Worse, the

Judge Bork is the author most recently of Slouching towards Gomorrah.

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radicals exposed our pusillanimity, an exposure that had long-term calamitous effects upon American culture.

Our initial hopeful view had several flaws. For one, the adolescent Visigoths came less to learn the law than to sack and level the school as a manifestation of bourgeois culture. They shared academic values no more than the Germanic tribes valued Roman culture. Rational argument shattered upon their adamantine minds. They were as unreachable by logic as the worst schizophrenics are by psychiatry. It is unfortunate that we did not think of chemical therapy.

With the class that entered in 1968, radicals suddenly made up two-thirds of the student body. Life became close to intolerable. Chanting and picketing inside the school, rock music, obscenity, pot smoking, class disruptions, and arson (three episodes in the law-school building, including library books) became regular features of the academy. Faculty sometimes used to return after dinner to work in their offices. That stopped when the students took to opening the doors to street thugs whom they viewed as more "authentic" than the larger society. One night, on the steps to the school, three Black Panthers suggested that I buy a copy of their newspaper. They could have sold me a lifetime subscription.

It is not quite accurate to say that the students brought Yale to its knees; president, deans, and professors knelt in pre-emptive capitulation. A sizeable fraction of the faculty went further, tacitly or actively joining the radicals. Some did so because the students were acting out the logic of left-liberal rhetoric, others because they could not bear student contempt. Professors took their papers home at night. "This will probably be over in a year or two," one said, "but I don't want to be one book down." (The world might be a better place if some of those books had perished while still on index cards.)

The long-run significance of that year does not lie in its violence and chaos, however, but in its moral brutality and aesthetic poverty. Among the distinctive features of the new culture were, and are: self-righteousness (those who disagree are not merely wrong but deeply immoral); intellectual dishonesty (honest analysis has a way of interfering with results desired emotionally); crudeness of discourse (civility being repressive, four-letter words are the mark of enlightenment); ignorance of even recent history (the past is irrelevant to those who would make the world over); the supreme importance of individual gratification (antinomians, touched by the grace of their own moral superiority, know neither sin nor guilt nor anything sacred).

The adolescent Visigoths were as unreachable by logic as the worst schizophrenics are by psychiatry.

The primary lesson of 1968, however, was that the American middle class is timid. The radicals, expecting stern opposition, were astounded by, and contemptuous of, the universities' rapid surrender. They learned that ours is a soft culture with a bad conscience; moral intimidation works. Examples abound. The most aggressive and insidious force springing from the radicalism of the Sixties is feminism, which severely damages education from universities down to grade schools, guts the fighting spirit and competence of the armed forces, and perverts religion—all on the preposterous assumption that women are oppressed and marginalized. Running a close second is the moral intimidation practiced by racial and ethnic groups, and now homosexuals, claiming victim status in return for preferential treatment and money. The list goes on.

The student radicals of yore, now called liberals by the media, today practice moral coercion in the name of such groups. The more victims there are, the greater is liberal power. The latest is "the kids," in whose name is demanded an end to smoking and control of firearms. It does not matter now, any more than it did in 1968, that the arguments are specious. Acquiescent Americans allow regulation of more and more of their lives and taxation of more and more of their earnings. No doubt we have been moving in this direction at least since the New Deal, and the impulse behind it goes back to the last century, and probably farther. But 1968 jump-started the politics of authoritarian regulation propelled by moral intimidation.

The epitome of the spirit of 1968 triumphant is, of course, the present Administration in Washington. It is fitting that its co-Presidents attended Yale law school when that spirit was virulent. □

Richard Brookhiser

EVERY time I pass a middle-aged man with male pattern baldness and shoulder-length hair, I say to him (sotto voce, of course), "The Sixties are over." Sometimes I put my blessing into song: *All the leaves are brown / And the skies are grey . . .*

What should I say to conservatives who are as Sixties-fixated as old hippies? In 1931 F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote of the Jazz Age that "it all seems rosy and romantic to us who were young then, because we will never feel quite so intensely about our surroundings any more." Even though the Sixties were lurid for conservatives, too many of us look back on them with Fitzgerald's fervor because we were young then—either young in years or (for neocons) young in conservatism. It was the first time I passed out leaflets, and the only time I've thrown paint at anyone. Think how exciting it must have been for Johnson Democrats being mau-maued by Black Panthers. The intensity of our response stays with us.

It isn't good for us. Time moves on, but we miss the opportunities and threats it brings to the extent that we refight the past.

In the narrow world of politics, conservatives risk being blindsided by more nimble opponents. George McGovern hasn't run since 1972, but we expect the Democrats to keep serving up big-spending freaks. Sometimes they oblige. Jesse Jackson and, on a lesser level, Al Sharpton still walk the earth, and Al Gore has the lineaments of a tree-hugging totalitarian. But New Democrats elude us. I remember the problem Jimmy Carter posed to *NR*'s car-

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toonist when he first appeared. For a while she tried to draw him in Carnaby Street suits, but that wasn't the man at all. In the end, she got him, which is more than you could say for Gerald Ford. Carter pales in finesse beside the Master, Bill Clinton. So much of his résumé looks Sixties—the sex, the draft, the pot. But these field markings compete with others: talking a moderate line on welfare and race; praying in church and meaning it. Our failure to find the range can be read in his two elections.

On the field of culture, we ought to know who our real enemies are. Even as the Straussians ignore the punks and go for Rousseau, conservatives should recognize that the Sixties were not some alien convulsion, but only one flowering of trends in American life that are almost as old as America itself. Marcuse in the Sixties and deconstructionists today are spume; the deep dark current in the American mind begins with Ralph Waldo Emerson and the religion of the deified self—an undertow all the stronger because it so closely mimics Protestant piety and republican political theory. Whitman and Thoreau looked like hoboes; Emerson was the greater soul, the greater writer, the greater disturbance.

Two things gave the Sixties their special edge. The media brought antinomianism to a wider audience, with more vividness, than all of Emerson's athenaeums and chautauquas. But this process had begun before the Sixties. Rock 'n' roll was launched in Eisenhower's first term. T. S. Eliot wrote a prescient letter to the *Times* of London about the evil of television in 1950. As for public sex, the Kinsey Report came out in 1948, and even Lionel Trilling shook a leg. In his important book *Within the Context of No Context*, George W. S. Trow argues that American "jitteriness"—by which he means a loss of memory and common sense, occasioned by a ceaseless bombardment of trends and factoids—began in the Twenties. If he is right, conservatives have to rethink a long sweep of popular culture, which includes many cross-currents that we rightly admire. We must also think whether the Puritan/Victorian strategy of repression can survive in a media age.

On the field of culture we ought to know who our real enemies are. The Sixties were not some alien convulsion.

The other special factor of the Sixties, which was truly unique to it, was its fodder—so many baby-boomers hitting their teens and twenties. The sex carnival could scarcely have happened without them. Twenty-year-olds are more fun to look at naked, and suddenly there were so many of them. All the randy old editors and producers who put the youngsters in *Time* and on TV were engaged in the greatest act of harassment until President Clinton conferred with Miss Lewinsky in the Oval Office. Unlike them, the Sixties went to completion.

But now it's done. Let's get to work. □

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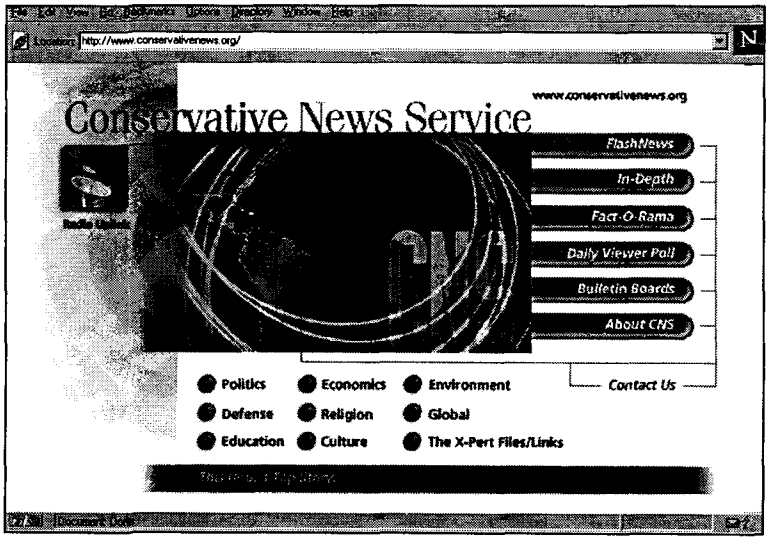
– RUSH LIMBAUGH –



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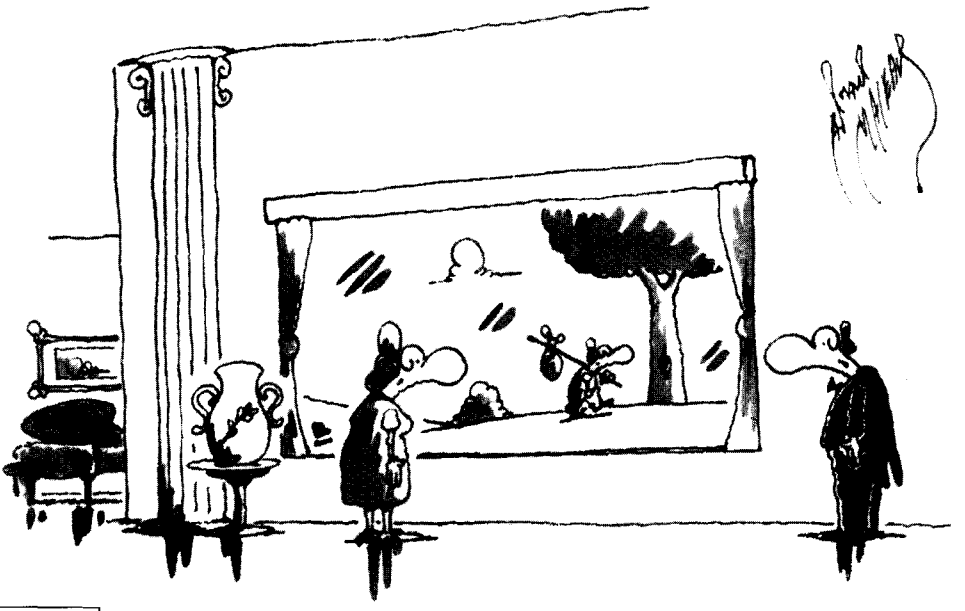

"He said he was running away to buy the circus, Madam!"

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Smoke if You've Got 'Em
While Big Tobacco, held back by
A sweating referee,
Two-steps around the ringside ropes,
The crowd cheers lustily
As Camels at a shocking price
Recede, along with Gore;
Then Kerry, nudging Kerrey, smiles
Discreetly from the floor.

—W. H. VON DREELE

"How come everything I like is always unconstitutional?"

"Forgive me for asking, but have you been propping up the Yen?"

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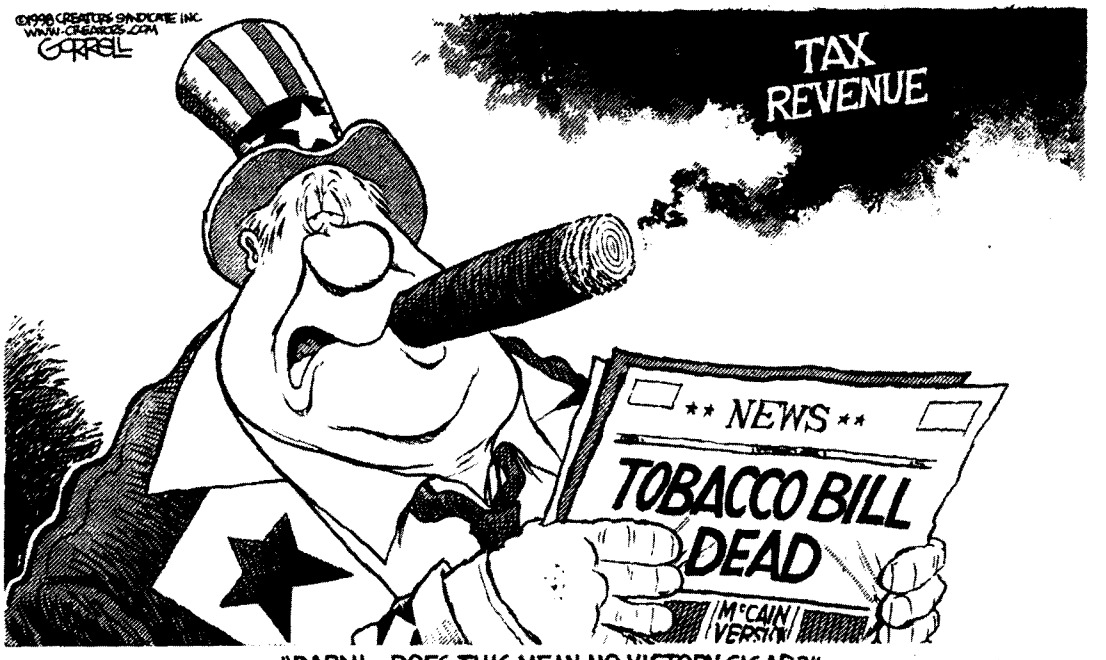

"DARN!... DOES THIS MEAN NO VICTORY CIGAR?"

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THE GOVERNOR
AUSTIN

July 12, 1998

Dear Dad,

First off, let me apologize for sending you a fundraising letter. I'm trying to fire up some heavy scratch for the gubernatorial race (no decision yet on the Big One; hanging loose, staying cool, keeping the powder dry like a perfect Martini) and somehow the computer got messed up all to you-know-where and your name was scanned in with a bunch of others (Uncle Pres, Jim the Baker III), and so long-story-short department, I know that you and Mom didn't mean to send me a thousand bones apiece, and I know exactly what Andover and Yale and a 1962 Impala cost and, hey, totally 100% intending to twist your arm in the future for some grip-and-grins around the state, so no hard feelings in the money department.

Got loads coming in. People asking me to kick some Al Jr. boy butt. Thinking about it, let me tell you. So that's a "no" on the do-I-need-campaign-money-from-my-dad question, and an "I'm sorry" on the fundraising-letter-sent-to-a-member-of-the-family-by-mistake snafu. I'm sending back your check for $1000.00.

I'm keeping Jeb's, though. He knows why.

In the complete disclosure mode, let me tell ya that on the whole Y2K question ("Do I run? Don't I run?" I've been doing a whole Hamlet bit) I'm leaning way over to the "hell yes" area. First, of course, gotta win the governorship again. Don't want to get into the overconfidence department—I've got you in 1991 after the Gulf War rattling around in my head—but I think I've got it locked. It'll give me great pleasure to kick that Al Jr's preppy tail.

I know, I know. But there's preppy and there's PREPPY, Dad. Al Jr.'s the kind of guy who, during college, wore his sweaters tied around his neck. I know what you're thinking: so did I. But he's the kind that wrote "thank you" notes to his J. Press salesman.

I know, I know. But we're still different in lots of ways. And I can't wait to face him, man to mannequin.

Actually, now that I think about it, maybe I'll keep your coin. Gonna need it, I think.

Love ya, Pop—

Gw

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

July 12, 1998

Dear Rusty,

Well, Bill's back from China—the trip was incredibly successful: the polls show that most Americans think the Chinese responded well to the visit. And back home, people seem to have really appreciated my "Cook Your Burgers Well-Done and Avoid E-Coli Contamination" photo-op. Who knows how many lives I saved, Rusty? So all in all, we're on a roll.

It's been hard, though, to get Bill to focus on my needs. He's so wrapped up in certain distasteful legal issues that I haven't been able to sit him down and say, "Hey, let me run foreign policy/IRS reform/economic policy, whatever, you choose, just get me out of the barbecue apron and the puffy hat." I'm worried that I'm going to be remembered as the guy who solicited $450,000 in illegal campaign contributions and not as the guy who reinvented government.

Not that I regret participating in the "Cook Your Burgers Well-Done and Avoid E-Coli Contamination" photo-op. I'm sure I saved many lives, Rusty. It's just that it's already 1998. Things are heating up. The mid-term congressional races are in full swing. I've got the party nomination sewn up, of course. It's the national race that concerns me. And now that Bill's at 75 per cent approval and holding steady, and statistical projections confirm that even if Ken Starr issues a hard-hitting report, the most likely effect will be a 15- to 17-point drop resulting in a still-respectable 55 to 60 per cent approval rating, I'd like to get him more involved in the race. He's a friend, after all.

Luckily, my attorneys and his attorneys are meeting next week for their regularly scheduled maintenance, and so my guys will have a chance to bring the subject up.

I've run all the national-race scenarios in my head. Gingrich is going to run, I'm pretty sure. I know I can take Gingrich. If Pete Wilson runs, he'll fizzle out. Ditto Engler. Quayle's in the race, but he's still got that "Vice President curse" hanging over his head, which I don't have (thank you, Timber Summit!!). The real threat, it seems to me, comes from Lamar Alexander. What's he up to? He's been awfully quiet. Too quiet.

Something to think about . . .

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

All Friedmanites Now

STEPHEN MOORE

THIS engaging book recounts the life and contributions of one of America's most influential writers and economists in the second half of the twentieth century. And her husband's no slouch either.

One of the greatest delights of *Two Lucky People* is the appreciation one gains of Rose Friedman as a scholar in her own right. Her list of publications is voluminous, and she is the co-author of many of her husband's most famous articles and books, including the masterpiece *Free to Choose*, one of the top-selling non-fiction books of all time.

Excuse me, but where is *her* Nobel prize?

Just how devoted is Mrs. Friedman to economics? At one point she writes: "During Milton's and my honeymoon, I completed drafts of my PhD thesis on the contributions to capital theory by Longfeld and Senior." That must have been some steamy honeymoon. And she thought that she was the more ideologically pure—which is, of course, saying quite a lot.

Two Lucky People: Memoirs, by Milton and Rose D. Friedman (Chicago, 656 pp., $35)

describes her day-to-day life married to Milton this way: "We shared typing each other's manuscripts, as well as household chores. It was a never a question of man's work versus woman's work. It was only a question of who had the comparative advantage." Ahh, Rose Friedman. The consummate economist.

Two Lucky People is written in a kind of snappy dialogue, ping-ponging back and forth between Rose and Milton Friedman's recollections of their sixty years (and counting) together proselytizing for the free market across the globe. I'll let you in on the dirty little secret of this book: the wife's recollections are generally more entertaining than the husband's. Mrs. Friedman is the master storyteller of this prodigious partnership. And in my handful of meetings with the two, I have always

Bob Bukin

As for Milton Friedman, there can be little doubt that he is the most influential economist of the last fifty years and the second most influential of this century (behind John Maynard Keynes). He is the godfather of monetarism, a principal architect of the Chicago school of economics, a pioneering scholar in modern price theory, and quite simply the most lucid and compelling spokesman for the free-market position since Adam Smith.

Undoubtedly Mr. Friedman's greatest service to his fellow man has been in almost single-handedly dismantling the statist Keynesian catechism he grew up with. Inspired by Keynes, the romantic orthodoxy in economics from the 1930s through the mid 1970s was an unfailing faith in the efficacy of centralized government activism. Keynesianism and all its quirky corollaries—the beneficence of government deficit spending, the idea that money doesn't matter, the idea that consumer demand rather than savings and investment propels economic growth—were treated in the academic world as if they were part of God's immutable laws of the universe. By the 1960s we were, according to Richard Nixon, "all Keyensians now." Thanks in large part to Milton Friedman, we almost all now recognize Keynesian dogma for what it was: a brief wrong turn in the history of economic thought.

Rose Friedman quotes the all-too-true adage, which is really the enduring message of this book, that "If one is not a socialist before the age of thirty, one has no heart; if one remains a socialist after the age of thirty, one has no head." Accordingly, at the start of his career her husband was a Keynesian himself. In his first-ever testimony before Congress in 1942, as a staff economist at the Treasury Department, he urged a wartime tax increase. "If inflation is to be prevented," he advised Congress, "we must enact measures that restrict consumer spending. Taxation is the most important of those measures. It must be used quickly and severely." He also recommended "price control and rationing" and "control of consumers' credit" to curtail inflation. Mr. Friedman had put this episode out of his mind: "Until I reread my statement in preparing this account, I had forgotten how thoroughly Keynesian I then was."

Unfortunately, that wasn't Mr. Friedman's worst wartime transgression. Conservatives are often surprised to learn that Milton Friedman was one of the inventors of income-tax withholding, an idea he supported on efficiency grounds to aid the war effort. A half-century later this "temporary" wartime measure is still with us. "Rose has

Mr. Moore, an NR *contributing editor, is director of fiscal policy at the Cato Institute.*

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repeatedly chided me over the years about the role that I played in making possible the current overgrown government we both criticize so strongly," he explains. "That is in jest, since withholding would have been introduced had I been involved or not. The most I accept blame for is helping to make it more efficient than it otherwise would have been." From my vantage point, he seems insufficiently apologetic for his complicity in this high crime.

When Milton Friedman was awarded the Nobel Prize, five thousand demonstrators gathered in protest.

By the early 1950s Mr. Friedman had been cured of the Keynesian virus, just as the rest of the economics establishment was growing ever more enamored of its command-and-control prescriptions. It is hard for us today to appreciate just how heretical Mr. Friedman's free-market, pro-capitalism perspective was in the years following World War II, when the permissible range of debate lay between neo-Keynesianism and overt Marxism. Fortunately, he landed at the University of Chicago with a dream team of other free-market economists, most notably Frank Knight, George Stigler, Theodore Schultz, and eventually Friedrich Hayek. In the 1950s Mr. Friedman published *Studies in the Quantity Theory of Money* and then his classic with Anna Schwartz, *Monetary History*, both of which shredded key tenets of Keynesian theory.

These books explicate one of the iron laws of economics: Inflation is always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon. Friedman's 1967 presidential lecture to the American Economic Association, later published in the *American Economic Review*, thrust a dagger through the heart of the Phillips Curve notion of a long-term trade-off between inflation and unemployment. Nobel laureate James Tobin of Yale, an unremitting Keynesian, described this essay as "very likely the most influential article ever published in an economic journal." If this essay eroded the intellectual underpinning for the Phillips Curve, the subsequent stagflation of the 1970s was the real-world exposure of the bankrupt concept.

Over the years the Friedmans became more actively engaged in the public-policy arena. *Capitalism and Freedom* was published in the late 1950s, and was so far ahead of its time that even today some of its policy prescriptions would strike conservatives as radical. The Friedmans were outspoken critics of governmental activism in the areas of rent control, the military draft, occupational licensing, health care, the war on drugs, and trade protectionism. In 1955 they pioneered the idea of educational vouchers. This idea has become their passion; they have spent the past forty years crusading for school choice and have even established the Milton and Rose Friedman Foundation to promote vouchers. I was somewhat surprised to learn from these memoirs that Mr. Friedman regards his role in helping end forced military conscription in the 1970s as one of his proudest achievements.

These efforts at shaping public policy invited scorn and ridicule from Mr. Friedman's adversaries on the Left. One of his constant ideological opponents was John Kenneth Galbraith. In the late 1950s the government of India had planned to ask Friedman's advice on economic reforms. When Galbraith learned of this plan he warned the Indians: "To ask Friedman to advise on economic planning is like asking the Holy Father to counsel on the operations of a birth-control clinic." Later when Galbraith became President Kennedy's ambassador to India, and Friedman was lecturing in the country, Galbraith took him aside and said: "As you know, I do not agree with your free-market ideas, but they will do less harm in India than anywhere else."

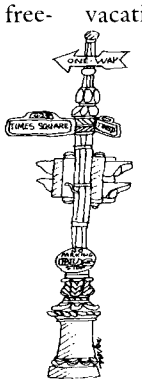
In 1976 Milton Friedman won the Nobel Prize, a dramatic turnabout for the selection committee given that virtually all previous winners (with the exception of Hayek) had held statist philosophies. By then Friedman had become such a renowned trailblazer in the economics profession that the Nobel committee could hardly have denied him the award, though press accounts reported that the selection inspired "heated and unprecedented debate." Indeed, during the award ceremony in Sweden some five thousand demonstrators gathered in protest.

But neither of the Friedmans ever shied away from controversy. Back in 1992, I had the opportunity to escort Milton to Capitol Hill for a briefing with congressional Republicans. During the first half-hour the conservatives eagerly gulped down his advice to reduce tax rates steeply, shut down obsolete government agencies, and repeal meddlesome regulations. But in the final half-hour he chastised them rather forcefully for retreating on term limits and for escalating the war on drugs. Many of the congressmen, who had come with great expectations, left quite annoyed, wholly unaccustomed to receiving this sort of public spanking. On the way back to his hotel I told him that he may have lost some of his audience at the end there. "I did that quite intentionally," he assured me. "I wanted to emphasize what they were doing wrong, not just what they were doing right."

This was quintessentially Friedman. One of Milton and Rose's most admirable qualities is that they have always told politicians—from Reagan to Zhao Ziyang—what they needed to hear, not what they wanted to hear.

Two Lucky People is at times a depressing reminder of how muddled economic theory had become in the pre-Friedman era. But it is also an indispensable guide through the evolution of economic thought in the second half of the twentieth century

When I spoke with Milton on the phone not long ago, I mentioned that I was reviewing his book. He chuckled and said: "It's too damn long." It turns out that this wasn't false modesty. The last half of the book, describing the Friedmans' world travels, is like sitting through friends' home videos of their vacation. "Here we are in front of the Great Wall of China. Here we are in front of the emperor's castle. Here we are . . ."



My only other criticism is of the book's somewhat pessimistic conclusion: "Judged by practice, we have been, despite some successes, mostly on the losing side; judged by ideas we have been on the winning side."

I must respectfully disagree. These two great champions of freedom should recognize that they have won. The course of history is firmly on their side. One hundred years from now scholars and laymen alike will be reading *Capitalism and Freedom*, not Keynes's *General Theory*. After all, we are all Friedmanites now. □

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I Am Woman, Hear Me Whine

NORAH VINCENT

WHAT would Gloria Steinem do if she met Bridget Jones and started chatting with her? Would Miss Steinem blanch, faint, walk away in disgust? That's a meeting I'd like to see, but, alas, it will never happen, because Bridget is fictional.

Bridget Jones's Diary recounts a year in the life of its title character, a good-natured but discontented middle-class professional whose diary reads like a Judy Blume novel. Bridget is a flake. She's a nice enough gal, if sometimes a bit catty, but at the ripe age of thirtysomething she can't seem to get her life together. She's an editor at a British publishing company and she has a degree in English literature, but she can't spell. She's desperate to lose 15 pounds, but she eats chocolate croissants for breakfast. She wants a steady, dependable boyfriend, but she's dating her womanizing boss instead. She wants financial security, but she invests only in reams of lottery tickets. She wants to develop "inner poise," but she smokes incessantly, drinks to excess, and checks her caller ID compulsively. She's not exactly Grace Kelly.

Bridget Jones's Diary, by Helen Fielding (Viking, 271 pp., $22.95)

Originally, the character Bridget Jones came to life in a weekly women's column that her journalist creator Helen Fielding wrote for the London *Independent*. The confessional style of the column proved so popular among the newspaper's readers that Miss Fielding decided to turn it into a book, which became an instant best-seller in Britain. Newly released in this country, the novel is enjoying the same success here. (At this writing it is No. 8 on the *New York Times* best-seller list). But it has also turned into an object of some controversy.

Why? Because Bridget Jones is more than just herself; she is a symbol. A similar character is featured on the wildly popular Fox TV drama *Ally McBeal*. Like Bridget, Ally is a young professional (in her case, a lawyer), who seems to spend far more time in the bathroom gossiping with her girlfriends, or in the office hallways flirting with her latest love interest, than she does in the courtroom. Like Bridget she is fey and flirtatious, glamorous but flip, in a baby-doll sort of way. Michiko Kakutani at the *New York Times* found so many similarities between the two characters that she wrote her review of *Bridget Jones's Diary* in the form of a fan letter from Ally to Bridget. In its recent cover story on the fate of feminism, *Time* magazine made a similar correlation, and frowned on both characters, as if to say, Is this what's become of the sexual revolution?

It seems that the whiny, feckless Bridget (like her clone Ally) is not quite the daughter feminists were hoping for back in the Seventies when they marched on Washington and burned their bras. And that's why *Bridget Jones's Diary* may prove to be one of the most stinging indictments of feminism to come along in a while.

As a spoof on the modern liberated woman, this novel may be clever precisely in its almost studied lack of cleverness. Its parodic value may lie in its superficiality. Bridget's flakiness is the point. Helen Fielding is no S. J. Perelman, but, oddly enough, that serves her well. She writes Bridget Jones the way Goldie Hawn might play her—so understatedly that you're never quite sure if she's a bimbo like her heroine or if she just knows how to represent one. Either way, this book has made the lefty keepers of the culture decidedly uneasy. As much as they would like to disown her, they know that Bridget is truly the daughter of feminism, an entirely predictable legacy of the gender wars.

Bridget Jones is more than just herself; she is a symbol.

Miss Vincent is a staff writer at the New York Press.

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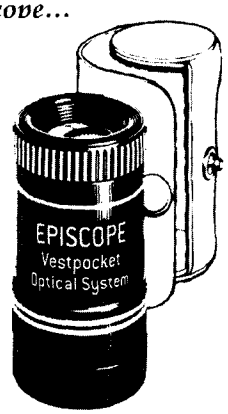

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Although *Time* insists that Bridget Jones has nothing in common with her feminist foremothers—Susan B. Anthony, Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem—they in fact have a great deal in common, in the way that a child tends to have a great deal in common with her parents.

Each of Bridget's diary entries begins with a recitation like these: "130 lbs. (terrifying slide into obesity—why? why?), alcohol units 6 (excellent), cigarettes 23 (v.g.), calories 2472"; "126 lbs., alcohol units 5 (drowning sorrows), cigarettes 23 (fumigating sorrows), calories 3856 (smothering sorrows in fat-duvet)." Likewise, each entry is filled with complaints: "Men won't get any sex or any women unless they learn how to behave properly instead of cluttering up the sea-bed of women with the SH---Y, SMUG, SELF-INDULGENT BEHAVIOR!"; "This confusion, I guess, is the price I must pay for becoming a modern woman instead of following the course nature intended . . ."; "Starting to feel really panicky, at the same time enjoying sense of being at center of drama."; "Oh my God. Oh my God. Where am I?"

In short, Bridget is an overgrown adolescent who has no idea who or where she is. Like her foremothers, she disdains the allegedly cushy enslavement of married life, and yet she wonders why she is single and lonely. "Why am I so unattractive," she moans constantly. She frets about an unwanted pregnancy and her "commitment-phobic" boyfriend's infidelity, but she thinks responsible men are geeks. Bridget has too many choices, and too little maturity to handle them.

Embarrassing as it might be to most feminists, Bridget Jones is living out exactly the farce for which her precursors set the stage. After all, is it any wonder Bridget is a spoiled princess when she grew up on the feminist belief that women should and must have it all? Is it surprising that feminists who condemned housebound motherhood were paving the way for a chronically single, childless woman like Bridget? Is it any wonder that women of Bridget's age, who were raised on free love and who grew up viewing unbounded sexual freedom as their birthright, would end up with unwanted pregnancies and "commitment-phobic" boyfriends? Can a woman who disdains all the social and moral bonds that cement traditional marriage really expect that she'll be seen by men as anything but a sex object? No, Bridget Jones's life is not a spontaneous anomaly. The precedent is clear.

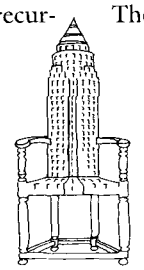
So while as literature *Bridget Jones's Diary* is not exactly a timeless classic, it may still have a lasting effect on the culture wars. With deceptive simplicity Miss Fielding has held a mirror up to nature. She has nailed this liberated vixen for the cream puff she is, and if you're one of the millions of working girls who read this novel with any glimmer of recognition, then she has nailed you, too. If you're not, you can sit back and enjoy the ruckus as it unfolds, saying all the while, "I told you so." □

Asian Minor

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

MALCOLM Muggeridge told a story about his days as a newspaper correspondent in Moscow during the time of the Stalin-instigated famines. He went with a Russian colleague to see a Chekhov play. Afterward he asked her what she thought of it. "I can't see what they were all so unhappy about," replied the woman. "They had enough to eat, didn't they?"

I am afraid that many readers will have the same reaction to these essays. Young Eric Liu is the offspring of two immigrants from Taiwan. His father was a manager at IBM. Eric's childhood seems to have been cloudless. He grew up in a quiet suburb and went to Yale. His 29 years have been spent in a cocoon of comfort and security, disturbed only by his father's death from kidney disease when Eric was 22. Eric was a speechwriter for the Clintons. Now he is attending law school—three years' immersion (to borrow an image from George Orwell) in a lukewarm bath of political correctness. What on earth can this person have to tell us? And what, for goodness' sake, does he have to complain about?



The answers are, in order: not much, and—of course—"racism." Mr. Liu, you see, wants an "identity," and the "identity" he wants is "Asian American." And what on earth is "Asian American"-ness? Why, it's a "lifestyle"—which is to say, an assemblage of mannerisms and attitudes cultivated in order to make oneself feel kind of special. Where does "racism" come in? This I could not fathom, since Mr. Liu flatly denies that "Asian American" is a racial category. The offspring of Polynesians or Pakistanis (the latter a branch of the white race speaking an Indo-European language) are both "Asian American" in his calculus. On the other hand, he reserves the right to whine about "racism"—to spit venom at William Safire for his comments on the Chinese funny-money scandal; to raise the sad specter of Vincent Chin (killed by laid-off auto workers who thought he was Japanese); to imply that the nomination of Bill Lann Lee as an assistant attorney general was foiled by "racists"; to display his righteous indignation at the *NR* cover of March 24, 1997, showing the Clintons in yellow-face.

The Accidental Asian, by Eric Liu (Random House, 210 pp., $23)

Look. From time to time people will be murdered by others who don't like their color. This proves nothing larger than the occasional vileness of human nature. The fuss about Chinese campaign contributions is entirely justified; China is the most corrupt country in the world, and we should strive mightily to keep the Chinese way of doing things out of the U.S.A. That is not "racism," it is just prudence. Likewise, the opposition to Lee's nomination was nothing to do with his being of Chinese ancestry, and everything to do with his being a business-hating regulation-crazy Clintonoid lefty dork. And that *NR* cover was *funny*—could we have some more like it, please?

The current fixation with race seems, at best, a form of relief for unemployable intellectuals, and at worst a money racket run by shakedown artists. I have, as it happens, lived among Chinese people for most of my life. I feel quite at home in a roomful of Chinese, and can read the classic poetry with pleasure.

Mr. Derbyshire is the author of the novel Seeing Calvin Coolidge in a Dream.

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Yet the maunderings of these "Asian Americans" are more alien to me than the cargo cults of New Guinea (to which, come to think of it, they bear more than a passing resemblance). Sample: "College is supposed to be where Americans of Asian descent become Asian Americans, where the consciousness is awakened." Oh, *that's* what college is supposed to be? And here I was thinking it had something to do with education.

This is the second autobiography I have read recently. The other was *Crossing the Line*, by Alvin Kernan, an account of the author's serving in the U.S. Navy during World War II, after growing up on a remote ranch in Wyoming. His book and Eric Liu's have some things in common. They are both decently well written (though Mr. Liu has a regrettable tendency to lapse into Creative Writing: "I am bathed in yellow light . . ." yadda yadda). Each stops

What, for goodness' sake, does Mr. Liu have to complain about?

in the author's twenties: Mr. Kernan's because that is the end of the part of his life that he judges other people might find interesting, Mr. Liu's because that is as far as he's gotten—no doubt he will have much, much more to tell us as soon as he has finished law school. Yet two books more different in spirit could hardly be imagined. Kernan endured much and saw great horrors. Liu has endured little out of the ordinary, and seen less.

That is not his fault, and in fact he seems to me a likable guy, with whom I should not mind spending some time—half an hour, perhaps. It is just that we live in an age in which the sterner virtues are not much called for, and hedonism and narcissism, and the stirring up of rancor over imagined grievances, and the parading of manufactured emotions and try-it-out "lifestyles," and all the vapid babble of fashion and celebrity and "cool" and "identity" are what fill the marketplace. This is depressing for those of us who think that life is a serious business, that words have meanings, and that ideas matter, but it is bonanza time for people like Eric Liu. He will be a very successful lawyer. □

The Empty Heavens

STEPHEN M. BARR

THERE is very little, if any, unexplored territory left on our planet. We know, therefore, that there are no lost civilizations in the heart of Africa, no Lost Worlds in the Amazon jungle where dinosaurs still flourish, no Yetis in the high Himalayas. Those who wish to imagine strange new creatures or undiscovered civilizations nowadays must let their thoughts wander among the stars.

Among the stars there are plenty of potential dwelling places for fabulous creatures. The Milky Way alone contains a hundred billion stars, and scientists believe that a good fraction of these have planets. It is a pretty safe bet, then, that many millions of habitable planets exist in our galaxy. Michael D. Lemonick, an award-winning senior science writer for *Time*, has written an enjoyable journalistic account of the search for these planets and for the life which many hope and believe they harbor.

In spite of the antiquity of speculation on the subject, it was only a few years ago that scientists found the first real evidence of planets orbiting other stars. The heart of Lemonick's book, and the most interesting part of it, is the story of two of the world's leading "planet hunters," Geoffrey Marcy, a professor at San Francisco State University, and his irrepressible post-doctoral assistant, Paul Butler. Lemonick is good at bringing to life the world of scientific research and the personalities of those involved in it. One gets caught up in the story of Marcy and Butler's eight-year struggle to perfect the techniques that would allow them to detect the

Other Worlds: The Search for Life in the Universe, by Michael D. Lemonick (Simon & Schuster, 272 pp., $25)

Mr. Barr is an associate professor of physics at the Bartol Research Institute of the University of Delaware.

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almost undetectable, and the thrilling payoff when at last a new planet does swim into their ken.

Of course, the discovery of planets outside our solar system is an epoch-making event for pure astronomy. But the really big excitement came when a team of scientists announced in the summer of 1996 that they had actually found evidence of Martian life. What they found was only bacteria, and extinct ones at that, but, so we were told, it was extraterrestrial life all the same. The announcement was made in an unprecedented NASA press conference, and it led to an equally unprecedented statement by the President of the United States. However, many scientists were skeptical at the time, and it seems that they were right to be so. The evidence from Mars was flimsy to start with, and the problems with it are becoming more obvious. But it makes an interesting story, especially as told by Lemonick. He has a gift for giving his accounts immediacy and drama, and can explain scientific ideas without making them boring. In the last section of his book he tells about the SETI program. SETI stands for "Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence." This quixotic enterprise is conducted by a faithful few who cadge time on radio telescopes to listen for messages from outer space.

There seems to be more involved in this search for extraterrestrial life than scientific curiosity.

What are the chances that intelligent life does exist elsewhere in our galaxy? True believers, like the late Carl Sagan, are confident that the galaxy teems with life. How could it not, they say, with so many billions of stars? This argument, if one can call it that, fails to take account of some basic facts.

The first fact is that it is very hard for life to get started from inanimate matter, and no one really understands how it happened on earth 3.8 billion years ago. One cannot invoke evolution by natural selection. Natural selection presupposes that there already exist organisms with a genetic code and the ability to reproduce. The first, one-celled organism must have been fashioned in some other way.

The second fact is that the simplest living thing that anyone can imagine is remarkably complicated. It has been estimated that it would have a genetic blueprint with at least two hundred thousand "bits" of information. This is equal to the amount of information that could be encoded in a sequence of about forty thousand letters of the alphabet. How easily could such a genetic sequence arise by pure chance in a "primordial soup" of chemicals?

To get some idea, let us start by asking how easily a specific sequence of only eight letters—say, the name "Lemonick," can arise by chance. How many pages of random letters would the proverbial "monkey with a typewriter" have to type before the sequence LEMONICK would be likely to crop up? The answer is about one hundred million pages. What about a sequence that is only a little longer—say, MDLEMONICK? That would require about one hundred trillion pages. Note the geometric escalation in the odds. Suppose that one were a little more ambitious, and wanted a specific eighty-character line of text to appear? Then, even if every atom in the observable universe were a monkey, and all of those monkeys were speed-typists, and all of them had been typing for the whole age of the universe up till now, there would still be a negligible chance that they would have produced that one line of text. Recall now that to make the first living thing on a planet is, in effect, to hit upon a sequence not of just eighty letters but of forty thousand.

While the number of stars in the galaxy is indeed "astronomical," it is nonetheless paltry compared to what appears to be needed for life to arise by chance. This is true as well of the number of stars in the entire observable universe. How, then, did life ever get started on earth? It seems that there are only two plausible possibilities: a) it was a miracle, or b) the universe is infinitely large and contains an infinite number of planets. Whether the universe is infinite or finite in size is not known, and in all likelihood will never be known for certain. But however large the universe as a whole may be, there is simply no scientific argument that would lead one to expect that extraterrestrial life exists in the part of the universe which we can observe with telescopes, let alone contact or visit.

FOR many people, there seems to be something more involved in this search for extraterrestrials than simple scientific curiosity. Very likely that something is atheism. As long as man appears to be unique and "alone in the universe," he seems to be an anomaly, an exception, even, perhaps, a miracle. How much more natural the human race would seem if intelligent life were shown to be the quite ordinary outcome of planetary chemistry. And so, among Martian rocks and radio waves from outer space, the secularist searches for evidence which would allow him to announce, with strange triumph, that man is nothing particularly special.

For the religious believer, in contrast, extraterrestrial life is not an issue of paramount importance. God could just as well have made one or many races of rational beings. The existence of alien life would certainly be of great interest, but it would make no difference to religious duty or doctrine.

This brings me to a highly regrettable aspect of Lemonick's book. Although he is a scrupulously accurate reporter about scientific matters, he does not always try very hard to get his facts straight about religion. If he had, he would know that it has never been a "Christian dogma" that there is only one inhabited world. He would know that Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake for his radical theological doctrines rather than for his speculations about other worlds. And he would know that Pope John Paul II did not "rescind the Church's longstanding objections to Darwin's theory of evolution." (The Catholic Church never condemned or even objected to Darwin's theory, and Pope John Paul II said nothing, theologically, that went beyond what Pope Pius XII said in 1950 in *Humani Generis*.)

Fortunately, though, Lemonick is more interested in the science of the story than in its supposed philosophical and religious implications. And so, for all those healthy souls for whom science is just science, and alien creatures are just something fun to think about, like dinosaurs and Yetis and lost civilizations, I recommend this book as a pleasant read. □

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CITY DESK

Mr. Shawn's *New Yorker*

RICHARD BROOKHISER

AFTER a few years of bimonthly lunching with Carlos, a friend who once worked for *The New Yorker*, I noticed that he always let me exit the restaurant first.

"Some day," I told him, "I will follow you out a door."

Carlos doubted it. "I was trained by Mr. Shawn," he boasted. Just as Martin Luther King Jr. was not the only black man in America to earn an advanced degree, but is the only one invariably called "Dr.," so William Shawn, the late editor of *The New Yorker*, is the only man in America of any hue whose surname never appears without that mild honorific.

"What a powerful system of control," I marveled.

"He had many," said Carlos.

Lillian Ross, a longtime writer for *The New Yorker*, recently revealed in a memoir that she was also Mr. Shawn's longtime mistress. (Mrs. Shawn is still living.) For months Miss Ross's wizened pippin of a face was ubiquitous in the papers. Her performance was as blatant as the rants of twenty-year-old exhibitionists in the downtown weeklies, only less brightly written, and I don't propose to rouse it from slumber now. But she also revealed something about what was once a local, and a national, institution.

Begin with the local. The city is a collection of little worlds, and twenty years ago, to the little world of journalists, *The New Yorker* was an engrossing point of reference: Pole star? Meteorite? Oil-rig flame-out? We gossiped about it knowingly and bitchingly. Of course it was all envy, compounded by bafflement. C. S. Lewis in his essay "The Inner Ring" analyzed the charm of the almost inaccessible to which access is capriciously granted. As the old carol "In Dulce Jubilo" says of Heaven, "Oh, that we were there."

But *The New Yorker* also meant something to those hinterlands so breezily flown over in Saul Steinberg's famous cover/poster, for it was a successful general-interest magazine, pretending to offer urbane cachet, while actually gratifying the interest of literate burghers everywhere. Its layout, typeface, and spot art were clean and elegant. It never made small mistakes. It had an adamantine sense of its own agenda, which it never spelled out. We run this because we like it. So will you. For decades Mr. Shawn stuck to that tempo like Toscanini, in a performance that was a monument to his will. But the magazine also echoed his pathologies.

A terrible emptiness was born, relieved only by the talking animals in the cartoons.

One was prudery. Mr. Shawn had a near-Irish aversion to discussing, much less printing anything about, what people now get federal money to mime before live audiences. Post Lillian Ross it seems so clear. Of course *The New Yorker* could never allow anyone to use the Anglo-Saxon words because its editor was so willfully doing the Anglo-Saxon things. At the same time, only now do we see what a blessing his hypocrisy conferred on us. Most of the city's periodicals (including his) have adopted the same editorial standards as bathroom walls. We feel it is enlivening. We are wrong. What begins as biting prose ends like a raccoon gnawing a damaged paw.

Then there were the other pathologies. Nothing in the old *New Yorker* could be said outright, except statements of fact. Conclusions, emotions, convictions could only emerge from the accumulation of discrete and minute data. The arbiters of the system were the fact checkers. Under Robert Gottlieb, Mr. Shawn's immediate successor, who preserved many of the old ways, I wrote a little elegy for a favorite coffee house. I got a stern call: the signature dessert, "Chocolate Mouse," a mouthful with ears and tail, was made, not of butter cream, as I had written, but of—toxic waste? gold dubloons? I forget. But needless to say I was not allowed to deceive the readers. Some big ones got away: a correspondent from Spain revealed that all the quirky locals he had been quoting at the neighborhood taverna for years were fictional. Editors who house Stephen Glass shouldn't throw stones. There are talents that flourish under even the most demented rules. John McPhee fit *New Yorker* style like a glove mold. George

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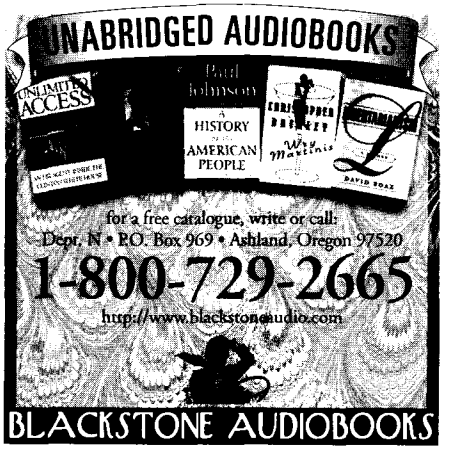

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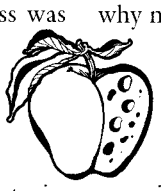
W. S. Trow could pretend that he fit it too. But it also encouraged a pointless garrulity. If the reader did not already know why he was interested in a subject, the writer could never supply him with a reason. A terrible emptiness was born, relieved only by the talking animals in the cartoons.



Where did this come from? Where, but from Mr. Shawn's own private Arabia Deserta? For decades he lived in a ménage à trois, each of whose members hated and hurt the other two. (Under the law, putting someone in a place he doesn't want to be is called imprisonment, or kidnapping. It is not considered a pleasant experience.) But if any of them said anything about it, especially to him- or herself, the system would end. So they talked about secondary issues—the logistics of two apartments, the children, why or why not to get a divorce.

The story is over. Mr. Shawn lost control of his magazine to a corporate takeover, and *The New Yorker* has gone from a peerless format, bizarrely executed, to a generic format, rather well executed. A classy *People*, a weekly *Vanity Fair*. Now Robert Gottlieb's successor, Tina Brown, is gone herself. The little world will find other obsessions; the big world must fend for itself. □

ART

But Is It Good?

JAMES GARDNER

I WAS prepared to dislike Andrew Wyeth for all the usual reasons. Having seen his paintings and watercolors in reproduction, I assumed they were all posing, melodramatic crowd-pleasers. I remembered the whole Helga incident of a few years back, in which nudes of a woman who may have been his mistress were shrewdly parlayed by dealers into an orgy of mid-cult vulgarity. The "informed" opinion was that Wyeth was the world's greatest Sunday painter, the sort of hobbyist who gets a bowl of apples to look like a bowl of apples, and then wins first runner-up at the local bank.

But now, after seeing Wyeth's landscapes in the flesh at the Whitney's new exhibition, "Unknown Terrain," I feel compelled to revise my assessment. More than that, I would go so far as to say that the almost universal scorn that has been heaped on this beleaguered painter over the past half-century is one of the most disheartening acts of critical injustice in the whole of the recent literature on art.

Looking at these frail, finely limned images of autumnal thickets and wintry glooms, one wonders what could have occasioned so much hatred. As the Whitney curator, Adam D. Weinberg, asserts in the catalogue, "Few artists have made the blood of so many critics boil as Andrew Wyeth [has]. It's curious that one of the most traditional painters of the century raises more ire than many of the radical artists of the avant-garde." On one level, this exhibition can be seen as the Whitney's summer blockbuster, that financially astute act of atonement for the sundry bourgeois-shocking exorbitancies of the year that was. And since you can't have Edward Hopper eight years in a row, it pleased the museum to give Mr. Wyeth his day in the sun. All the same, this exhibition probably required greater curatorial courage, because of the very reasonable expectation of critical contempt, than all the canned vanguardist hysterics of the last ten Biennials combined.

For many years now, Andrew Wyeth has possessed a twofold uniqueness. He has been the one modern artist favored by people who don't like modern art. And he has been the one artist whom the art world, despite its inveterate servility, is willing to attack. He was always a loner. When abstraction was the rage, Wyeth invoked a realism whose technical virtuosity rivaled the masters of fifteenth-century Flanders. When irony and allusiveness became the bywords, Wyeth remained unflinchingly earnest.

I suppose that, if pressed, one could make the case that Wyeth is in fact a modernist firebrand in conventional clothing. One could presume to uncover in his works elements of the alienation and bleakness that are the coin of the modernist realm. One could even argue that the establishment critics' visceral disgust at Wyeth is the closest they can come at this late date to feeling what the beribboned Academicians felt when, more than a century ago, they first confronted the heresy of Impressionism. In short, one could argue that Wyeth is what real rebellion, real integrity, real artistic courage consists of: holding true to one's vision amid a tide of almost universal mockery and contempt. To argue in this way, however, would merely perpetuate the idiotic doctrine that, to be taken seriously, an artist must be modern, or post-modern, in the first place. In fact, the only criterion that we need apply to an artist is whether he is any good. And Wyeth, at his best, can be superb.

Reactions to Wyeth may well say more about the critic than about the artist. To see him as a dauber with a knack for painting grass, to identify him with his crudest imitators, is to overlook what any critic worth his salt must be able to see: that Wyeth is, at the very least, impelled by the same formal ambitions as the best old masters and the best modernists. He is superficial only to superficial inspection, and anyone who supposes that all Wyeth wants is to paint a house that looks like a house is simply not paying attention. In fact, Wyeth, like all good artists from time immemorial, thinks in forms and colors,

Andrew Wyeth is the least ironic, most morbidly forthright artist around.

and he reconstitutes everything he sees in those terms.

Structurally, many of his works have about them the excellence of good photography—that of Steichen or Walker Evans, for example. In *Hoffman's Slough*, from 1938, he translates a deep green field into a resonant flatness, the dimension of depth tellingly rendered as that of height. *Heavy Sea*, from half a century later, is inspired by the purely visual rhythms of a picket fence seen against a uniform green field. Although Wyeth is

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least dramatic as a colorist, preferring an almost monochromatic register of browns, beiges, and tawny greys, he uses color very skillfully in *Laaka Farm* and *Snow Flurries*, and occasionally he can surprise us with an oddly happy and unanticipated choice, as in the sudden, contained burst of blue that describes the window frame in *Love in the Afternoon*, from 1992. But the most obvious element of his art is his celebrated realism. Consider a single example from 1981, the jagged dry-brush profile of a buttonwood leaf, straining leftward from its gnarled stem. As a true realist, Wyeth has not only seen but has also felt the subcutaneous movement of sap through the leaf, expressing itself outwardly in the springiness of the stalk. He has fathomed perfectly the plantness of the leaf, the flawless convergence of function and form.

Employing these three tools—dramatic formalism, pared-down color, and intensely observed realism—Wyeth has constructed a world that is unique to him. It is, to be frank, a depressing world of fallow land and overcast skies in which man is an ill-omened afterthought. Wyeth's most famous painting, *Christina's World*, from 1948, is one of the few cultural products outside the realms of music and film to achieve iconic status in the past half-century. In it, a crippled woman, lying in tall grass in the foreground, gazes up at the house in which she lives out her life. As in all the best of Wyeth's works, the scrupulous realism of the execution is subordinated to a dramatic composition, in which, once again, depth is dramatically reconstituted as height. This work perfectly captures Wyeth's world: dreary, cantankerous, shorn of self-pity, and demonstrating no conspicuous compassion for anyone else. There is a Hardyesque fatalism to Wyeth, but with none of the poetic, mythological grace-notes that often mitigate Hardy's tragic sense of life. Given that this view is not entirely uncongenial to art-world types, what makes them turn away from it with such instinctive revulsion? Surely it is that, in this ironic age, Wyeth is the least ironic and the most morbidly forthright artist around.

■ In the 1980s, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, Philippe de Montebello, scored points in the art world by refusing to receive a traveling exhibition of Wyeth's works. A decade has passed, and now "Edward Burne-Jones, Victorian Artist Dreamer" is wheeled in with his blessings. The catalogue's opening essay, "A Critical Somersault," by John Christian, is extremely thorough in anticipating and belittling all the standard antagonism to this arch-Pre-Raphaelite, with a view to silencing all possible criticism.

Nonetheless, I went into this show thinking that Burne-Jones was a sad aberration in the history of taste, and I am afraid that the exhibition only fortifies that opinion. I always felt, and still feel, that he has one undeniable strength: he demonstrates in a few works that can be called Michelangelesque, like the famous *Tree of Forgiveness*, a knowledge of anatomical drawing that was unsurpassed in his time. He also had an unfortunately unexploited knack for portraiture, somewhat in the style of the German Nazarenes, as seen in his soulful and ethereal images of Frances Graham and Lady Frances Balfour.

Faint praise though that is, I can find little else to admire in this artist aside from his undeniable if inferior skills as an illustrator and a designer. The main problem, from which all the others proceed, is his subordination of art to literature, usually the pseudo-medievalism of Morris and Swinburne. His highest ambition is to reanimate a lost world, that of late-medieval England or Italy or some such place. Yet the results invariably reek of Victorian machine-made mid-cult, what Mary McCarthy called the "tooled-leather school," as in those cheap souvenirs that tourists take home from the Ponte Vecchio in Florence.

Burne-Jones is obsessively devoted to the artists of the Quattrocento—whence the name Pre-Raphaelite—but he has none of their compositional or chromatic tact. His work is never meant to be closely scrutinized, and his ambitions are not, in the main, the ambitions of art. If he can succeed in making you believe that you are really beholding a medieval object, with all the posturings of religious severity that delighted the growing secularism of the Victorian mind, then he is a happy man and wants nothing more. If, in turn, all you want out of art is a *Masterpiece Theatre* simulacrum of high culture, then this is the exhibition for you. Just don't forget to stock up on those faux-William Morris doilies at the concession stand on your way out. □

FILM

Fools' Gold

JOHN SIMON

WE ARE heading for a new genre: the utter nonsense film. And why not? When so much nonsense is peddled by the other arts, why should the movies abstain? Take a film such as Manuel Pradal's ***Marie Baie des Anges***, shown at numerous festivals, but surprisingly winning no awards despite all the prerequisites: pretension, disjointedness, vacuity, and illogic. The only reason I endured it to the end is a charming teenage actress named Vahina Giocante.

The hallmark of this and similar films is that the characters clearly have no real life outside of what is enacted for the camera. The performers merely go through the motions prescribed by the script (assuming there is one, and the whole thing isn't improvised) and the director (of whom there always is one, rotten as he may be). We never know how Pradal's characters got there—geographically, psychologically, or logically—whether they are teenage French girls, roving gypsy bands or loners, or American servicemen on and (in more ways than one) off base. Rootless, unattached, unemployed, and nonschool-going youngsters pop up here and there along the Riviera, headed for, indulging in, or narrowly avoiding orgies or near-orgies. And when battling angels and human sacrifice to mythic sharks are brought in, we go from the sublittoral to the ridiculous.

■ No better than this in its different way is Hal Hartley's latest, ***Henry Fool***, winner of the best-screenplay award at Cannes. Hartley's first couple of films showed genuine promise, though also

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unmistakable danger signals. His supposed masterpiece, *Henry Fool* is excessive even in length—138 minutes—and phony even in title: Henry, the hero-villain, explains that his last name, Fool, used to be spelled Foole in olden times. On top of this, a cop in the movie is called Buñuel, and Camille Paglia appears briefly spouting profundities which one doesn't know whether to chalk up to her or to Hartley.

We discover Simon Grim, a sanitation worker, accosted by a fellow carrying two suitcases: Henry Fool, who presently moves in as a nonpaying (he is always mooching or borrowing) tenant in the Grim family basement. Just how and why is left unexplained. The Grim household (pun, no doubt, intended) includes mother Mary, who seems too young for the part, and sister Fay, unemployed like Mom, except in pursuit of her nymphomaniacal activities, mercifully not shown. Mary is a bit of a mental case, watches TV nonstop, and must be constantly surveyed so that she will take her pills and not her life. Simon tends to blither and was, in adolescence, a seeming retardate and a dedicated masturbator.

Henry claims to have had an event-filled life, which includes, it transpires, a lengthy jail term for sex with a 14-year-old girl. He carries about several notebooks containing his autobiography supposedly near completion, and equally marketable, he claims, as sensational fiction or a revolutionary philosophical treatise. He gets Simon to write as well, and the young man produces a book-length poem which Henry hails as a work of genius, while elsewhere it is denounced as scatology. Henry finds time for coitus interruptus with Mary, and noninterruptus with Fay, though she despises him. Simon is merely a voyeur who watches a young couple go at it alfresco, causing an interruptus there, too. Later, at the luncheonette where he hangs out, the male he spied on makes him kiss his girl's naked buttocks, but the resourceful Simon manages to vomit on them instead, for which he gets a severe beating and his arm in a sling.

But colorful behavior here is surpassed by even more colorful language. In the most mundane circumstances, Henry expresses himself in palaver that, even in print, would be considered highfalutin and ultracomplex. Inasmuch as Thomas Jay Ryan, who plays him, strikes me as richly repulsive, such grandiosity is doubly off-putting. Pretty soon other characters, notably Simon, begin to sound more Henryesque—or Hartleyesque—by the minute, and minutes here are all too plentiful. The peripeteias include one of the unlikeliest weddings and ongoing marriages in recent movie history, two violent deaths, a Nobel Prize that is a piece of prize preposterousness, and a switch of identities that might fool, or foole, a ten-year-old for as much as thirty seconds. Also a weasel ending that can be read in two antithetical ways.

Yet all this is as nothing to the film's perverse way of dawdling with trivia, while deliberately skipping over crucial developments. These are almost always shown as *faits accomplis*, and even the passage of time is only occasionally indicated by a remark such as Henry's "I made love to your mother about half an hour ago, and I am beginning to think it wasn't such a good idea." But why would a fellow as hyperarticulate and unstable as Henry have to become a sanitation worker too, and, like Simon, proudly wear part of his uniform even off duty? And even if Fay tells Simon "Your poem brought my period on a week and a half early," why would one page of it make a mute girl burst out in song, no less? Far more likely that someone gifted with speech would be stuck dumb by it.

James Urbaniak is a credible though unappealing Simon, and Ryan's Henry registers as something midway between Porky Pig and a human being, every bit as believable as, though considerably less benign than, Santa Claus. When Ryan and the attractive and talented Parker Posey (Fay) have sex, it is like a mythological scene of Parker cohabiting with a porker. The minor characters do well enough, but why would a priest in a lower-class American neighborhood have a high-class British accent? Only one of the lesser mysteries in a movie full of them.

■ The latest comedy-thriller to be made from an Ellmore Leonard novel, ***Out of Sight***, is being hailed as a triumph by reviewers who must be out of (their) mind. The poseurish director Steven Soderbergh, whose undistinguished and vastly overrated *sex, lies and videotape* launched him on a career as unimpressive as undeserved, has come up here with an attempt at a more obviously commercial product. The film begins with a diamond heist, but with all these capers, where is the lox?

Well, there is a romance between a gentlemanly bank robber, played by TV's George Clooney, and a toothsome Hispanic special agent, played by Jennifer Lopez. Miss Lopez is sexy, but neither her demeanor nor her clothes, nor anything else about her, persuades me that she is an FBI agent, let alone an actress. Clooney is handsome in his broodingly casual manner, and acts a bit better than his co-star. His sidekick is aptly enacted by Ving Rhames, a specialist in tough-guy roles. There is also a Clooney girlfriend who helps him get out of jail, where he occasionally checks in, in between some of the two hundred or so bank robberies he has dapperly negotiated.

Out of Sight *is being hailed as a triumph by reviewers who must be out of (their) mind.*

During a prison stay in Florida, he meets Albert Brooks, funny as a crooked businessman who boasts of a cache of diamonds in his Detroit palazzo; also a slick black boxer and operator, Don Cheadle, who easily handles whatever roles Eddie Murphy passes up. In due time, he leads a rival raid to Clooney's on the Brooks diamonds. And all along, Miss Lopez is hot on their trail—when, that is, she isn't sharing a car trunk or, more comfortably, a bed with Clooney.

Soderbergh and his scenarist, Scott Frank, indulge in arty flashbacks and flashforwards, chiaroscuro shots verging on silhouettes, and frequent gratuitous freeze frames. The dialogue is tart, the sex and violence are restrained, and David Holmes's music is refreshingly different, yet the film is strangely unappetizing. Some of it has to do with details such as Miss Lopez having orgasms over a handgun her father gives her as a birthday present; some of it with a general view of crime as delightful and glamorous. But *Out of Sight* would have to be a sight more sophisticated and accomplished to make amorality smell sweet. □

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Endless Questions On Privacy

NEW YORK, JUNE 30

So where are we on the privacy front? The morning papers carry an account of the resignation with which we learn of conversations held by witnesses in judicial inquiries. Sidney Blumenthal comes out from a few hours with the grand jury and conducts so to speak his own press conference, at which he tells of being asked whether the President spoke of having sex with Monica Lewinsky (No), and whether the President ever confided to him (*confided!*) whether he thought oral sex was sure-enough sex (No comment); and whether, in the President's view, there was anything really wrong, Biblically, with sexual intercourse (Depends).

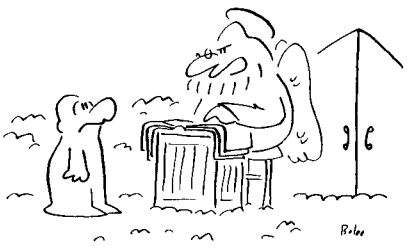
Then there was that whole business stirred up by Steven Brill, the common denominator of which was that everybody should read his new magazine. It began with an interview with Kenneth Starr, the most vulnerable figure in recent political history, who would get into trouble if he called a reporter to opine that the moon was not made of green cheese. It was argued that for Starr to report on anything at all involving grand-jury appearances was to poach upon the laws of privacy. No no! Mr. Starr explained. It is wrong to say what went on inside a grand-jury room, but it isn't wrong to speak in an entirely different context, namely to explain why Witnesses X and Y were appearing before the grand jury. To do that is to supply the public with a little political narrative, sufficient to maintain its faith that something is going on to grease the wheels of justice.

All of this quickly gave way to questions having to do with Mr. Brill's own behavior. He had conducted interviews with divers press people, but some of them yelled and screamed that what they had said was not faithfully reported. Well, wasn't that as easy to answer as to come up with a tape? Ah, but Mr. Brill did not use a tape. He never uses a tape. Like Truman Capote, he has ears that seal in the exactitudes of everything everybody says, and who could ask for anything more? Well, some of the reporters allegedly traduced want a great deal more, but can't have it. Their privacy was in the worst sense violated: they were reported to have said what they insist they did not say and do not believe.

The question of privacy arose at a recent public forum in Hartford, Connecticut. But the focus of the argument quickly became the matter of celebritydom. Studs Terkel lamented the time given to examining every word, act, shoe, tie, undershort, demand, velleity of the kind of people who paper *People* magazine. Others cluck-clucked their agreement that curiosity about celebrities had gone to unnatural lengths, but the question then arose: Who is responsible? The readers who egg on the tabloids, or the publishers and editors who play upon the public curiosity?

A neglected aspect of the privacy question is the question of congressional conduct. When the President submitted his nomination, for ambassador to Luxembourg, of a San Francisco businessman and philanthropist known to be gay, the anti-gay movement was expected to crank up—to say what? That a gay ambassador to Luxembourg would be publicly disturbing. Thomas Foley, who was Speaker of the House when ousted by the Republican landslide of 1994, has told of the quite extraordinary problem he faced answering questions now deemed necessary to answer before qualifying for diplomatic service. "Every item you own worth one thousand dollars or more requires an explanation. How did you get it? Where? From whom?" This question could require you to hire an evaluator to price the two paintings your grandmother left you.

That sort of interrogation has intensified hugely even in the past twenty years. Whatever the exaggerations on the question—in fact, a lot of people will submit to anything in order to have the glamour of an ambassadorship—we have to assume that there are a great many Americans who are able but unavailable for public office. There is no statute of limitations on investigative curiosity that would protect a President as morally footloose as the incumbent; there is no way to shield him from such questions as he did (or did not) discuss with Mr. Blumenthal. And there is no practical way, especially in an age of instant information, to discourage the kind of celebrity fixation deplored by Mr. Terkel. But it helps to focus the question. And to ask: Is it possible to formulate restraints which the journalistic community would observe, without worrying whether doing so had a chilling effect on the dissemination of news and opinion? □



"You voted for who?"

The Nixon Precedent In China

NEW YORK, JUNE 26

Everybody in Xian, it is reported, wanted to see President Clinton, and one man, who sat for four hours just to see the presidential caravan glide by, opined that the guest of honor was the greatest American of all time, up there with Richard Nixon and Michael Jordan. A flashback:

On February 21, 1972, the 87 journalists who had got permission to travel to China to cover Mr. Nixon's trip rose early to be at the airport for the arrival of Air Force One. We looked out for the crowds. There were no crowds. There were a couple of hundred soldiers and Chou En-lai with a tiny retinue. As we looked about, one wag commented that perhaps that was all the Chinese that were left after the Cultural Revolution.

Actually, the Cultural Revolution was still going on, but it was hardly the emphasis the visiting President was looking for. Those who wonder at any hesitation by President Clinton to remark the absence of freedom in China might reflect on Mr. Nixon's seven days there. By merely announcing that he would go to China, he had pierced the veil. The defloration was final: American opinion would never again consolidate, as it had for 23 years, on the abomination of the Chinese Revolution. One month after Mr. Nixon's return, a Gallup Poll recorded the change in American opinion. "Respondents were asked to select from a list of 23 favorable and unfavorable adjectives those which they feel best describe the Communist Chinese. The terms 'ignorant,' 'warlike,' 'sly,' and 'treacherous' were named most often in 1966, the last time the measurements was taken. Today [1972] however, 'hard-work-

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ing,' 'intelligent,' 'artistic,' 'progressive,' and 'practical' outweigh any negative terms . . ."

One reason there were no Chinese out there to greet Nixon was that the Chinese people didn't know Nixon was coming. Nobody had told them. For that matter, nobody had told them that an American had landed on the moon three years earlier. It wasn't until Day Two that the presence of Nixon was known, and even then he was perfunctorily treated, as, for instance, at the ping-pong match at which he made an appearance.

Did Mr. Nixon establish a precedent in talking about human rights? No, he did not. There was no episode comparable to Reagan's talk at Moscow State University in 1988. That first evening's banquet was capped by Mr. Nixon's toasting, not to the health of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, but to Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai. Protocol distinguishes sharply between the two. In the first case you are engaging in a formality; in the second, you are being much more personal.

But Mr. Nixon had a great rhetorical leap yet to make. He proceeded to a breathtaking gesture of historical ecumenism, proposing that the United States and China start a "long march together." The Long March being Red China's Bastille, Winter Palace, and Reichstag fire, the invocation of it by Richard Nixon as historically inspiring could have been matched only by Mao Tse-tung's bursting into the hall and saying that he wanted to be there passing the ammunition to Richard Nixon the next time America faced the rockets' red glare.

The Communists did not let up, herding us all two days later to a ballet called *The Red Detachment of Women*. In his memoirs, Henry Kissinger pronounced it the four most boring hours of his life. He struggled to recall the plot, but left it that the heroine fell in love with the tractor and lived happily ever after. Thrusting that ballet at the visiting Americans was as if President Nixon had called together the chiefs of the black republics of Africa to watch a ballet on the theme of Little Black Sambo. That is the kind of thing our Presidents—CHOOSE ONE: a) have to put up with. Or b) put up with.

Bill Clinton, that first night in Xian, went through the correct motions in talking about human rights as the basis of America's strength. Certainly he went further than Mr. Nixon did, but Mr. Nixon was under special strains. The distance the Chinese have gone in the right direction between the Cultural Revolution and today is wonderfully reassuring. But until China assimilates Tiananmen Square it won't have found a truly fresh orientation. That is why the call by Zhao Ziyang—imprisoned for his opposition as Communist Party leader to the crackdown on the students—to repudiate that action is by far the most eloquent call to reform we can hope to have during these exciting days. President Clinton can't be expected to compete with it. □

How Many Stars In the U.S. Flag?

NEW YORK, JULY 7

What is the temperature of U.S. patriotism? everybody, it seems, was asking over the weekend. The curiosity is conventional. How good are we in comparison to our fathers, how good were they in comparison to our grandfathers? Even so, observations are offered.

1. The bountiful television coverage of events in Boston and Washington does in fact give rise to something a little different from simple patriotic fervor. In Washington there were the great fireworks but also the exuberant National Symphony Orchestra. And then what is indispensable to the civic impact of music and fireworks is of course the monuments. Great Washington, Noble Lincoln, the Genius Jefferson, and of course the mythogenic White House. The cameras didn't rest on it long enough to provoke studied thought as to what its current inhabitant has done to dilute confidence in the country, but the application of Gresham's Law is resisted, and the mind travels to its better residents rather than its poorer.

Still, especially after viewing the marvels of the Boston scene, with firework displays surely never exceeded anywhere, one is forced to ask: Are we being given upscale sights and sounds that serve as phony fermenters of a synthetic patriotism? One analyst spoke of a grandmother who on the Fourth of July simply pulled out and displayed for family reverence an American flag her uncle had brought back as a soldier from World War I. That was her celebration, and all that was needed.

2. It is certainly not simple, and two commentators (Michael Beschloss and Sam Nunn) acknowledged that the wellsprings of patriotism were diminished. For one thing we haven't recently had a great war, which is usually a harnessing national experience. For another, the last war we fought was divisive, not unifying. But then too there is the relativism that has got into the bloodstream, choking up what once was universally accepted as appropriate tribute to American "exceptionalism." What is the difference between George Washington and Ho Chi Minh? they used to ask, in the fever swamps of the Sixties. And, as we celebrated, Mr. Clinton in China was saying things on the order of: Who says there is a better leader for China than Jiang Zemin?

3. Senator Nunn spoke of the "erosion" of patriotism, though he thought it more vibrant among the American people than among its leaders. The former will need to ignite the latter, instead of the other way around, as for instance Teddy Roosevelt would have done. Senator Nunn went on (this was on *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer*) to cite the disfiguring data in America, "crime, divorce, abortion, drugs." At a public forum in which the British were being berated for the excesses of the soccer hooligans, the speaker was reminded that we live in a glass house of some vastness. There are, per capita, nine times as many murders in the United States as in Great Britain.

How is national pride engendered? John Stuart Mill, the great bard of the universal franchise, wrote as if offhandedly that *of course* he would not give the vote to anyone who would use it merely in his own personal interest. The proud democrat votes for the commonweal; not for what is best individually for the tobacco grower or the steel manufacturer or the schoolteachers' union—but for policies that increase liberty and prosperity universally. It is for what will genuinely help the commonweal that we aspire, and our hope is to generate a higher ratio of disinterested voters to special-interest voters.

It is, then, critical to focus on great historical distinctions. Headway in that direction was made by an analyst a few years ago with a happy choice of metaphors. He spoke of "hard" American prestige and "soft" American prestige. The first comes from our possession of the hydrogen bomb and our moon landing: feats of technology. The second, from American manners: American philanthropy and charity. Few countries have cared so much about the poor, mostly within our own borders, but also beyond our borders, as the Marshall Plan attests. It happened to the Roman Empire that its shortcomings finally overwhelmed the state, and that great society became merely a historical sanctuary. Burke said it definitively, that a society, to be loved, must be lovely. The consensus, on the Fourth of July, seemed to be that the American people still think it that, but that some probationary signs are flying. □

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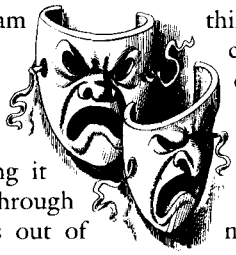
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

I WAS planning to write about the Y2K crisis this time, but then I stopped by my new post-office box and found a batch of letters wanting to know my opinion of the American Film Institute's "100 Best Movies." Ask and ye shall receive. I'll start with the ones I hate.

Citizen Kane: Too long, too dark, too talky, too arty. Orson Welles was a ponderous overrated bore, the cinematic equivalent of William Faulkner.



The Maltese Falcon: Does anybody really know what was going on? I don't. It's so overplotted that following it is like following Ariadne through the labyrinth after she runs out of string.

The Grapes of Wrath: Wherever there's a democrat singin' the praises of the People, I'll be there. It's not Ma Joad we revere, but the actress who portrayed her, Jane Darwell, Hollywood's premier commanding dowager. In the book, Ma was as primitive as the rest of the family, barring only Grandpa, who masturbated at the table.

The movie is a love letter to the New Deal. When the mistreated Joads arrive at the migrant labor camp run by the Department of Agriculture, the administrator is so kind and polite that they can only stare at him in poleaxed disbelief. As they stand there with their jaws sagging, he explains how self-government in the camp works. To me his speech is worse than any abuse the Joads have endured. The smiley officiousness that comes over him as he rattles off a list of mandatory committees recalls that classic moment in mimicry when the parodied bureaucrat says, "I'm from the government and I'm here to help you."

Forrest Gump: It came out after I had stopped going to the movies because of the cretins in the audience, but by the time it ran on television Pat Buchanan had ruined it for me with his columns linking truth, honor, patriotism, pure love, home, and mother to room-temperature IQs.

This is a conservative movie, my friend. The smart people do stupid things and the stupid people do smart things, proving that the elitists don't know half as much as the working-class guys named McGowan, Schultz, Hernandez, Lucetti, and Leroy Johnson in that foxhole out in Nam who don't think it's funny that Forrest got confused and mooned the President at the Medal of Honor ceremony because it's love of God and country that counts, not making Phi Beta Kappa at Berkeley with a bunch of peacenik intellectuals.

Buchanan followed his Gump either–or with another in praise of Sgt. Alvin York, who "never got out of the third grade" and was not a member of the "cognitive elite." Alger Hiss was, therefore he committed treason. It stands to reason, folks, because "In America, character, not IQ, is destiny."

Wherever there's a populist beatin' up on brains, I'll be there. Both of these columns came out in 1994, giving me two years to resolve never to vote for Buchanan, whom I once adored, and a full three years to nurse my loathing of a movie I finally got to see.

Identifying conservative movies is a tricky business. They are loosely defined as those in which John Wayne says "We're goin' in" and "We're movin' out" at least once each, but these scripts usually center around a spoiled rich boy who is forced to shape up. He always does, and even becomes a hero, but he's invariably rich.

Another misleading genre is the traditional-values extravaganza featuring the banker with a heart of gold who approves loans with no collateral so that the little people can own their own homes. Two such films made the 100 Best list.

It's a Wonderful Life: As you no doubt guessed, this is a movie I love to hate, but not for the reasons you thought. I can take the unceasing self-sacrifice, I can take the shambling good cheer, I can even take the angel, but that raffish Building & Loan reminds me of the Women's Bank of early feminism.

The Best Years of Our Lives: Democratized by the army, banker Frederic March abandons the Hooverish fiscal prudence of his pre-war career and makes an unsecured loan to a penniless fellow veteran who wants to buy a farm. Defending his new practices in a speech at a financial banquet, he delivers a drunken harangue on the heartlessness of "stuffed shirts" who don't believe in humanitarian lending.

Ayn Rand wanted to cite this as anti-capitalist propaganda when she was called as a friendly witness by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1947. Richard Nixon supported her, but Parnell Thomas, afraid to criticize such a popular movie, limited her testimony to *Song of Russia*, a heavy-handed and comically obvious piece of Communist propaganda that flopped at the box office.

YOU already have a pretty good idea of the kind of movies I like, but two of my more obscure favorites did not make the 100 Best.

Sylvia: A 1965 black-and-white starring Carroll Baker as an intellectual prostitute with a character of gold. A daughter of the slums, she pulls herself up by her library card, doing whatever she has to do but reading the whole while—even in the brothel parlor as she waits for her next john. When her friend is run over and needs a lifesaving operation, Sylvia risks the ultimate degradation to pay the medical bills. Emerging triumphant and as self-contained as ever, she and the friend escape the life and Sylvia becomes a respected poet. This movie is unsurpassed as a statement of female autonomy and sisterhood but there's not a word in feminist film critiques about it.

Theater of Blood: A 1973 British black comedy starring Vincent Price as a Shakespearean actor who murders, one by one, the critics who panned him, copying the murders from the plays. One is beheaded in his sleep, one is drowned in a barrel at a wine-tasting, and the frustrated spinster who flirts with gay men is electrocuted under the dryer as Price, disguised as a hairdresser, recites Joan of Arc's death sentence from *Henry VI, Part I*: "Because she is a maid, spare for no fagots, let there be enow." □

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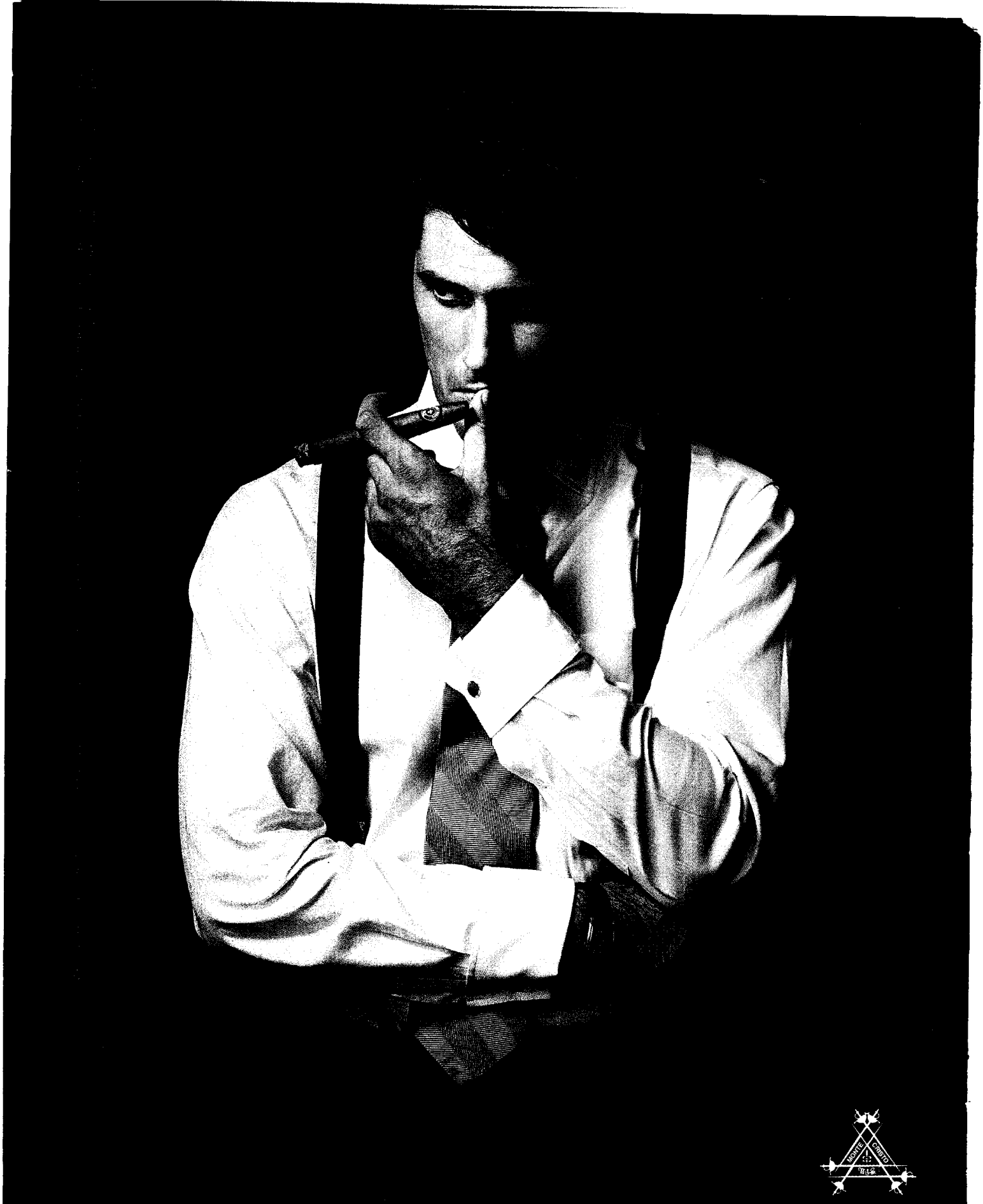

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